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THE AWAKENING OF ASIA

THE year which is drawing to its close has no historic parallel. Never before have so many people suffered such violent changes of fortune, known so much disaster and such sudden reprieves, borne so many defeats and survived so many victories—to face at the end so confusing a world with so little guidance. Men who have experienced so much without despair survive without daring to hope. If the communique from Moscow, awaited as we write, announced complete agreement on every question, as meetings of the Big Three did during the war, no one would believe it. As it is, the news from the Conference does at least entitle us to believe that difficulties of procedure will no longer be a barrier to drawing up peace treaties; and we may hope that a sufficiently good atmosphere has been created to enable decisions to be taken about the atom bomb, the future of the Ruhr and of Germany, the Middle East and the Pacific.

In the long run history may decide that the most important of all the terrific events of our epoch is the emergence of the peoples of Asia. Millions of men and women whom the West has regarded as of little or no account, are becoming politically conscious, finding leaders of their own (many of them highly educated in western universities) and developing the same techniques and skills—and the same national pride—as western nations. There is no coherent conception of Asia and no common philosophy among Chinese, Indians, Filippinos, Indo-Chinese and Indonesians, but there is among them a new realisation that Asiatics as a whole have been oppressed and exploited, a belief that they can now throw off the rule of the West and begin a new era of independent development. Nowhere have the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms been taken so seriously as in Asia.

The period of Japanese conquest has hastened this change. Tokio was clever enough to perceive the political uses to which this Asiatic revolt against "colonial status" might be put, but not clever enough, when her initial propaganda had done its work, herself to refrain from exploitation. At first welcomed as liberators, the Japanese encouraged national movements, which turned against their new rulers. Thus in many Pacific areas the defeated Japanese left behind them resolute and often experienced local administrations, whose leaders represent strong movements pledged to national independence.

The Premier of the Indonesian Government, on whose life an attempt is reported to have been made, apparently by Dutch "extremists," is an outstanding example of such a leader. A law student in Holland, he returned to his own country with Socialist views, and was three months later exiled by the Dutch. At the age of thirty-five he is now the head of the Indonesian National movement, which in different forms has been active for nearly two generations. That Mr. Sjahrir's government is broadly based, popular and representative, is freely admitted by the British authorities in Indonesia, by many of the responsible Dutch, and indeed by everyone except "the Dutch Bourbons." If Lord Louis Mountbatten and General Christison had had their way we should not now have to mourn the loss of more than 300 British soldiers in fighting which no one in Britain can regard without abhorrence. General Christison has made it abundantly clear that the conclusion must be a settlement between the Dutch and the Indonesian leaders, and British Government spokesmen, in language that has been necessarily cautious in view of our wartime alliance with the Dutch, have reiterated the same view. It is no secret that the lamentable loss of life on both sides, the brutal actions carried out by some sections of Indonesians, and the reprisals in which the British have laid waste Indonesian villages, have all occurred because of the refusal of the Dutch Government to offer the Indonesians that measure of Dominion status which they persistently and rightly demand.

All delay makes the situation more serious. As passions increase, clashes between British and Indonesians occur more frequently, and the difficulty of settlement and withdrawal is thereby increased. With every week's delay the violence of "extremists" increases, and the problem before moderate and reasonable men like Dr. Shjahrir, who sincerely want understanding and good relations with Holland, is made more difficult. These "extremists," of whom we hear so much in reports, seem to belong to several groups. Some of them are local bandits and some members of a secret Terrorist organisation encouraged and employed by the Japanese. Against both these groups, as well as against the Japanese, Dr. Shjahrir has organised armed groups of loyal peasants to co-operate with Allied forces. But the "extremists" seem also to include the more violent section of Indonesian nationalists—the Sinn Fein section we may call it—and against these Dr. Shjahrir is, of course, quite unable to act. The British have surely enough experience of nationalist movements to draw the moral. To postpone the offer of sufficiently generous terms leads to the discredit of moderate men and to the increase of violence. Terms are ultimately offered, and accepted—which would have settled the issue without conflict in the early stages. Once a nationalist movement is born, it proves unquenchable. The struggle may last for centuries, as in Ireland or Poland, but in the end the popular forces win. Is there any case in modern history of a national movement being finally crushed?

This week Mr. Attlee is wisely receiving the Dutch Premier, the Colonial Minister and Mr. van Mook, the Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies. Mr. van Mook's evidence from Java should be valuable; he is a moderate and intelligent man who insisted, against the wishes of the Dutch Government, on personally talking to the Indonesian leaders. But Mr. van Mook is a servant of the Dutch Government and cannot, however much he may wish it, wholly free himself from that smell of oil and margarine which pervades the backstairs of Dutch Imperial politics. Mr. Attlee should insist on also seeing members of the Indonesian Government, whose point of view is quite inadequately stated over here. We presume that he will in any case make clear to the Dutch Premier that a British Labour Government will not fight for Dutch imperialism.

Hungarian Outlook

Hungary faces the prospect of a harder winter than any other country in liberated Europe. During the long siege of Budapest, the Nazis stripped Hungary more thoroughly than the rest of the Axis satellites. The Coalition which has ruled Hungary since liberation has tried everything in its power to restore production, but, through shortage of raw materials, transport and industrial equipment, without much success. Mr. Tildy, the Prime Minister, and the Mayor of Budapest, Mr. Kővágó, have disclosed, in recent speeches, the desperate position of the country, and particularly of the capital. Infantile mortality has reached unprecedented dimensions; 40 per cent. of children under one year of age were dying last summer. There is an imminent danger of famine in foodstuffs. Water supplies may be affected by the stoppage of electricity. The hospitals are short of medicaments and bedding, and may be compelled to close down altogether for lack of fuel. Help is needed urgently. Yet, among the liberated countries whose governments have been recognised as legal by Washington and London as well as by Moscow, Hungary is the only one to which the assistance of UNRRA has not been extended. There is a strong case for the inclusion of Hungary in UNRRA's scope.

Service Pay

The Service Ministers are to be congratulated on the first step they have taken towards the shaping of our future armed forces. Since the increment, under conscription, of an annual class is barely 250,000, it is evident that for post-war recruitment (even if, say, 750,000 be accepted as the maximum strength for all three Services which would be compatible with our man-power resources) we must rely substantially on volunteers. It follows that Service conditions must compare reasonably well with those in civilian industry; and the Government can fairly claim that this objective has now been attained. Complete uniformity between Navy, Army and Air Force is not achieved, but in all three Services the system of remuneration has been commendably simplified, and an excellent innovation is a system of lump-sum gratuities payable, after ten years' service, to men who do not complete the full twenty-two years' service entitling them to pensions. In the Army, recognition is rightly accorded to the skill required of an infantryman, whether or not he be classified as a "tradesman": there are to be three categories only in the ranks of corporal and under, and a "two-star" private (representing the average basic rate of pay) will draw 42*s.* per week. For married men there will be a flat-rate, and in future taxable, allowance of 35*s.* per week, supplemented (as in the case of civilians) by the provisions of the Family Allowances Act. When account is taken of the value of a soldier's free food, clothing and accommodation, the basic pay of the trained married man is estimated to be equivalent to £5 a week. Is this to be regarded as a first, tentative indication of national wage policy?

Air Policy

The White Paper, issued just before Christmas, on British air transport policy, added little of substance to what was already known of the Government's general intentions. The Boards which are to manage the three proposed public corporations are to consist of members expert either in air-line operation or surface transport, and they are to enjoy the maximum autonomy consistent with Government policy. It is expected that some financial assistance from the State will be necessary to support essential but unremunerative services; but the Government will seek by international agreement to eliminate subsidies in general, and for external services it is ready to approve such fares as may be agreed by the International Air Transport Organisation. Nothing is said in the White Paper about the course of negotiations with the shipping and railway interests whose services are to be used in the interim period until the two corporations complementary to B.O.A.C. are established; and though the point is stressed that the final scheme could readily be fitted into any future organisation of air transport on international lines, the immediate question of B.O.A.C.'s ability to withstand competition from the better-equipped American lines is not discussed. A general assurance is given that, pending enactment of the necessary legislation setting up the Corporations, "no delay in starting British air services will be countenanced." No one will quarrel with the Government's intention, emphasised in the White Paper, to operate British-built machines on the corporations' services; but, if British air-lines across the Atlantic are to start on level terms with their powerful competitor, purchase of American transport aircraft for interim use seems to us obligatory. Otherwise we may expect growing complaints by the United States that, in matters of fares and "frequencies" alike, we are "discriminating" against Pan-American Airways in order to protect a British service operated by aircraft more expensive to run and with inferior carrying capacity.

The Old Lady Goes to the Lords

The Bill for nationalising the Bank of England has had, all things considered, a singularly easy passage through the House of Commons, which gave it a third reading before the Christmas recess. What reception awaits it in the House of Lords we cannot tell; but it is most unlikely that the Tory peers will regard it as a good issue on which to challenge the Labour majority in the Commons. There may be some attempt to strike out, or to water down, the clause which gives the nationalised Bank of England power to exercise some degree of supervision over the commercial banks; but even this can hardly be persisted in if the Government takes a firm line. The shareholders have been treated generously and are left with no ground for complaint. As for the big commercial banks, they are already so tied up with the Treasury in connection with wartime loans to the Government that they are bound to be, in effect, controlled anyway; and they may prefer control by a nationalised Bank of England to direct control by the Treasury without the Bank's mediation. It is at first sight rather surprising that the City's inner fortress should fall so easily; but the truth is that ever since 1931 Bank and Treasury have been bound together so closely by force of circumstances that State ownership of the Bank will now make much less difference to the banking world than it would have made when there was no Exchange Equalisation Fund and no Government had yet committed itself to use financial policy for ensuring full employment.

Opening Shop

It is to be hoped that not too many ex-Servicemen will avail themselves of Sir Stafford Cripps' permission to open shops after the New Year without the requirement of a licence. The proportion of our man-power absorbed in distribution before the war was much too large, and had been growing at a prodigious pace, including both small retail shops and branch and multiple stores. Wherever new suburbs were built, new shops arose to serve them; but there was no equivalent closing of shops in areas where population was declining. The mortality amongst small retail shops has always been high; and it was particularly high after 1918, when many thousands of returning soldiers invested their war gratuities in a shop, only to lose their money when depression came upon the country just as they were settling down. On the present occasion, the prospects for the small shopkeeper may be a shade less grim if the promised policy of full employment is really implemented. Even so, it is a question whether we can spare to the distributive trades all those who are likely to be attracted into them by the possession of a little capital and the chance of being their own masters. We shall be badly short, as a country, of productive man-power and, above all, of young and vigorous man-power. We do not suggest that the Government ought to keep on the embargo, but that everything possible ought to be done to make attractive the trades which are likely to be short of labour, in order to keep as low as possible the entry into an occupation which is in no danger of getting too few recruits.

Television

Moscow has resumed its television transmissions. Britain has appointed a Television Committee, and the B.B.C. is recruiting its Television staff. Meanwhile the manufacturers complain that it is no good making television receivers if there are no programmes to receive, and there is not much use putting on programmes if there are no receivers. Here, more than most things, is something that demands a home market. Furthermore, the choice of a system is a momentous decision to make, because a B.B.C. monopoly would fix the technical development of television for years. It might also determine our television export trade, since the tests of efficiency and practicability depend on the industry's having access to the ether and public demonstration. Is the B.B.C. going to try alternative systems? For example, pre-war television required two transmitters—sound and vision—on two separate wave-lengths and two separate receivers. A system, unique in the world, has been evolved by an industrial research team by which both sound and vision go out from the same transmitter on the same wave-length. It is an adaptation of the radar principle by which a radio pulse was sent out to echo from the approaching aircraft. Into the interval of waiting for the echo a sound pulse was injected which was used to give voice-instruction to the pursuing pilots. There is a similar interval, *one ten-millionth of a second*, in television. The spot which "scans" across the screen has, like the carrier of a typewriter, to flick back at the end of each line. That pause is filled by a voice-pulse. It is analogous to the sound track superimposed on the cinema film while the dual transmission system is comparable with the synchronised disc-recording of the early talkies. If this system can, in full-scale operation, prove as promising as it has done in the experimental stages, then Britain can go boldly into the export field ahead of competitors. But at the moment, the industry is marking time.

More Paper

In the recent discussion in the House of Commons on the supply of newsprint, Mr. Michael Foot hit the nail on the head when he ridiculed the pretence that the *Daily Express* wanted more paper in order to improve the quantity and quality of Parliamentary reporting. If we continue, as we shall, to be short of foreign exchange and limited in our imports, there is no case for going back to the 24-page newspaper which daily consumed a great acreage of forest land in advertisements, many of which were harmful, and in magazine features, which had nothing to do with news. An 8-page daily must suffice. The amount of imported paper required even to double the present size of daily newspapers is huge. More important, and requiring a small fraction of the quantity of newsprint, is the case for books and for serious periodicals. As Mr. Lindsay pointed out, 44,000 standard books are completely out of print; the demand for British books abroad is immense; and our failure to supply it both on economic and cultural grounds is quite deplorable. The remedy is to release more labour as speedily as possible for printing and binding. But the most urgent bottleneck is the labour shortage in the paper mills.

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NEW DEAL FOR THE MINES

THE curtain rose on Mr. Shinwell's legislative première to a gloomy roll of drums "off stage." On the eve of the introduction of the Coal Industry Nationalisation Bill the National Union of Mineworkers had issued a statement emphasising the gravity of the existing crisis in coal production. With output down to a present rate of 180 million tons a year, as compared with 230 million tons in 1939, the immediate needs of industry and the domestic consumer were barely being met. There would be no adequate surplus for export—urgent though the need might be in face of Britain's prospective balance of external payments—and no assurance even of supplies sufficient to sustain full employment in industry, unless production could be increased. Miners were making every effort, the statement claimed, but their numbers had fallen in six years from 766,000 to 697,000, and nearly one-quarter of the total labour force to-day consisted of men over 50 years of age. Whatever else was effected by nationalisation, wages and working conditions must be such as to attract into the coal industry an indispensable new inflow of recruits.

This background lends urgency to the Bill which Mr. Shinwell has presented. Of the mechanism of control which it sets up, the first thing to be said is that it is an essential prerequisite of coal mining reorganisation on efficient lines. Apart from the fatal legacy of ill-will between master and man in the industry, there could be no proper, rationalised development of the coal measures so long as private ownership of pits continued; and, on its existing basis, the industry was impotent to finance the physical re-equipment which it immediately requires. Under the Bill, the mines and their ancillary undertakings will be controlled by a National Coal Board which will be responsible to, and will receive directions "of a general character" from the Minister. Its members will be persons of "experience and capacity" in industrial or financial matters, in science, or workers' organisation. It will have an exclusive monopoly in production of coal, and it will be empowered to manufacture by-products and to market both coal and by-products of it. For capital development, it can borrow up to £150 million from the Treasury in the first five years of its operation. Two Councils—representing, respectively, Domestic Consumers and Industrial Users—will be appointed by the Minister to advise him on the prices, varieties and quantities of coal desired.

Here, so far as mechanism is concerned, is a workmanlike scheme which conforms to general expectation. Large problems of policy and management will gradually have to be met. For example, the Board is enjoined by the Bill to make available supplies of coal in quantities and at prices "best calculated to further the public interest." In this enjoinder many questions are begged. Coal prices and miners' wages are indissolubly linked together. The Board will have to discover how to provide adequate incentives for the coal-getters without making their product so costly as to render British manufactures non-competitive. Could the industry be allowed to run at a loss (made good by the Treasury) in the interests of coal-consumers? To what extent should losses on industrial sales or exports be made good by high selling prices for house coal? The Board is required to ensure that its revenues shall be sufficient to meet outgoings "properly chargeable to revenue account on an average of good and bad years"; and it will have to pay interest (at an unspecified rate) on the new capital advanced to it for re-equipment. But what charges will it have to meet in respect of the still undetermined liability of the Treasury in respect to compensation payments for the assets taken over? The answers to these and many other cognate questions, which the Bill appears to leave to the ultimate discretion of the Minister, will have to be sought by experience. Nationalisation is not of itself a solution; and, until the industry has been reorganised and equipped with much new plant, it will be difficult to say whether its maximum output can be made commensurate with national needs. What we now have is Mr. Shinwell's first step towards a New Deal; and, so far as organisation is concerned, we have little doubt that Parliament will speed the scheme on its way.

The aspect of the Bill to which Labour Members will need to give critical consideration is, in our opinion, that relating to compensation. Having failed to get the colliery owners to accept a figure for the industry's total value which appeared to him to be fair to the country, Mr. Shinwell has rightly decided that the process of taking over the mines must go ahead in advance of final settlement of compensation. But will the proposed procedure give an equitable result? A Tribunal consisting of two Judges of the Supreme Court and one accountant is to determine the global sum required to provide fair compensation for the actual colliery assets taken over. After that, Central and District Valuation Boards are to apportion this sum among the different undertakings, and are also to assess the value of subsidiary assets such as coke-ovens, railway wagons and by-product plants, as well as existing stocks of coal, timber, stores and liquid assets.

The Tribunal is given a directive in terms which are at once wide and, one would say, self-contradictory. It has to value the assets as if they were being sold in the open market as a going concern by a willing seller to a willing buyer—a somewhat unreal conception in which, however, past ascertainments of profits will presumably be a guide. At one and the same time, it has to reach a valuation based on an estimate of the net annual profits which the industry could reasonably be expected to earn in the future under private ownership, multiplied by *x* number of years' purchase. In any such estimation relating to the coal industry, the incalculables—future markets, prices, wages and other costs—are so numerous that we find difficulty in seeing how the formula is to be applied. And what basis, other than arbitrary judgment, is to govern the all-important decision as to the number of years' purchase to be conceded? It seems to us contrary to the public interest that such wide powers should be given to a Tribunal on which there is not one single member representing either the Labour Party or the working-class as a whole. We would strongly urge that Parliament should retain its sovereign right to approve or refer back the Tribunal's findings and to have the last word on the compensation issue.

There are, however, certain wider considerations whose importance is likely to increase as the Government's programme of nationalisation goes forward, as scheduled, from one industry to another. The obligations which this country has assumed under the Washington Agreements to restore forthwith the free convertibility of sterling will render it a matter of the utmost difficulty (even though embargoes on the movement of capital sums are theoretically allowed by Bretton Woods) to prevent money leaving this country, by one loophole or another, if its owners are attracted, say, by a boom in Wall Street or are determined to avoid what they regard as penal taxation. This being so, we would urge that, if shareholders in coal mining undertakings or in any other industry due to be nationalised are to receive, by way of compensation, Government Bonds, then those Bonds should be non-marketable.

We are happy to observe that the Bill goes some way in this direction. Clause 22 provides that the Treasury *may* direct that stock issued by way of compensation to colliery companies shall be inalienable. This power, however, is only permissive; and, if we read aright the sections of this Clause relating to "exceptions" (and in these sections the parliamentary draftsmen have produced an appalling jungle of legal complexities) there appear to be many openings for evasion. In particular, a colliery company need only go into liquidation; in that event, it can apparently obtain from the Treasury, and distribute to its shareholders, stock which is freely marketable. Clause 22, we suggest, requires considerable strengthening to preserve the principle of non-marketability. This stipulation would give no ground for complaint by expropriated shareholders that the incomes upon which they relied had been diminished, or that they had been the victims of any confiscatory process.

One final point falls to be considered. Unless it is rounded off by a selective capital levy, a process of nationalisation based on an exchange of Government stock for industrial investments ranging from debentures to equity shares does nothing whatever to produce the redistribution of wealth which is essential if a policy of full and steady employment is to be really implemented. It does nothing to reduce the total claim of the present owners of capital wealth on the community's total annual product. Thus, in the case of the coal mines, the *rentier* may be said to be getting off the miners' backs; but he is still perched solidly on the shoulders of the workers in general. Before the Government is committed too far to precedents in the matter of compensation, we would urge that Parliament should consider whether the requirements of equity and sound economics would not be better met by giving to the owners of nationalised industries, not Government Bonds which represent a lien in perpetuity on the global output of the country's active producers, but terminable annuities, whose duration in terms of years (up to a maximum of perhaps one generation) could be made dependent upon the value of the industrial assets taken over.

AUSTRIA FORKS RIGHT

IT was foggy and the first snow had fallen as we edged out of the Danube-clinging clouds and caught our first glimpse of the East End ruins of post-war Vienna. I expected to find it much changed since I last saw it on the eve of war in August 1939—it was inevitable that seven years of Nazi occupation, six years of war and months of bombing would have killed much of the guide-book facade which pleased the tourist and have stifled much of the culture and social progress which kept Vienna the heart of central Europe long after she had ceased to be the proud capital of the Hapsburg Empire. I expected ruins and devastation, but out of them I was confident I should find emerging a new democratic Austria.

The ruins were there, but I looked in vain for the new democratic Austria. The walls were festooned with election posters and from every street corner and party committee rooms loud-speakers blared forth Strauss Waltzes or uttered lifeless appeals to the cold Viennese to vote for the *Volkspartei* or help to build a new "Red Vienna." But no one danced to the waltzes or tarried to hear the speeches.

The temptation to contrast Vienna with Belgrade and Sofia was inescapable. The Yugoslav elections had shown a new, high-spirited Yugoslavia, and in Sofia the Bulgars were throwing off the shame of Fascism and defeat and were acutely conscious of beginning a new life. The draughty Austrian school-rooms, lined with shivering, apathetic voters and dreary party organisers, contrasted sharply with the gaily bedecked Balkan polling booths and the peasant women hurrying for their first vote like fifteen-year-olds tripping to their first dance.

A week in Vienna confirmed the inescapable impression that cold, hunger and depression were dominant in people's thoughts. The fear which haunted Vienna in 1939 and which dominated Eastern Europe throughout the Nazi occupation

has lived on in Austria long after the Wehrmacht has left. It is now not the fear of the Gestapo and the labour camp, but of a starving winter in an unheated and devastated city cut off from its all-too-scanty natural resources by four occupying armies which seem to be at careless of economic reconstruction as they are forgetful of the independence promised at Moscow.

It seems most unreasonable to responsible Austrians who are trying to rebuild their shattered country that "liberated" Austria has to support a military occupation many times more dense than "defeated" Germany. The League of Nations allowed Austria a peacetime army of 30,000 men, a figure never reached before the Anschluss. An army of comparable size would be quite adequate to police Austria; yet she is loaded with an occupation force of nearly a million Russians, Americans, French and British. The Russians and French live on the land and whittle away the few resources left after seven years of Nazi rule.

Even more disastrous than the occupation is the division of Austria into four hermetically sealed zones of occupation across whose frontiers may pass neither goods nor personnel. The Coalition Government of the venerable Socialist leader, Dr. Karl Renner, tried hard to rebuild Austrian industry and fit Austrian economy into the renascent economy of Central Europe, but its efforts were foiled at every turn. Essential factories in the Russian zone are lying idle because the required raw materials are in American hands. A barter agreement with Czechoslovakia involving iron ore in exchange for coal fell through because the Russians had not the railway trucks to transport the ore to the frontier and the British would not release their surplus trucks for fear of never seeing them again. A promising exchange of oil and coal with Hungary fell through because in their retreat up the Danube the Germans took with them, to what is now the American zone, the river barges of Yugoslavia, Hungary and Lower Austria, and the Americans now refuse to release them because trade with Hungary would involve their crossing the Russian zone.

The large Alpin-Montano company, in German hands before the war, is almost at a standstill—for its offices are in Russian-occupied Vienna, its iron ore supplies are in British-occupied Styria, and its main factories in American-occupied Linz. There is a shortage of salt in Vienna, but the Americans are exporting salt from northern Austria to Germany and the goods received in return are not allowed to leave the American zone. Lack of salt has a remarkably debilitating effect after a few weeks.

The Russian-occupied zone is the only part of Austria which was a serious battlefield. It was already partly denuded by the Nazis in their retreat towards the west. Russians in Vienna freely admit that the discipline of the war-weary Red Army slumped heavily during the first days of the occupation and that their dismantling of industrial equipment contributed to the difficulties of their occupation area and did little to enhance the election chances of the Austrian Communist Party. Discipline has greatly improved and reconstruction work is going ahead with the help of Red Army engineers, but the Soviet zone is still verging on starvation. In their zone the French appear torn between pointless devastation and the wish for permanent annexation. Their restriction of democratic political activity has given them a reputation for political partiality which compares unfavourably with the Americans and the Russians who, although clearly sympathising respectively with the Right and Left-wing Austrian parties, do not appear to have directly interfered with legitimate political activity.

There seems little doubt that the British are the most popular occupation troops in Austria. But I came across many criticisms of British administration. In some cases the fault appears to lie with individual British officers who allow their political prejudices to interfere with their military duties; in others there would appear to be a lack of high level directives on matters of first-class importance.

There have been repeated complaints from British-occupied Styria and Carinthia of the dismissal of anti-Nazi police officials and the reinstatement of Nazis, and there is evidence that certain British officials have been dismissing Socialist and Communist local officials for political reasons without evidence of disloyalty or inefficiency. Appeals against these dismissals have been rejected, the men concerned have been refused an opportunity to state their case and the Austrian Government has been powerless. The reputation of the Labour Government suffers in the eyes of European Socialists when its representatives abroad appear to continue to base their policy on the prejudices which the British electorate rejected so uncompromisingly in July.

The permission granted by the British occupation authorities to the pro-Hapsburg "Democratic Party" to present candidates at the General Elections occasioned much surprise and ill-feeling in some circles in view of the fact that the same authorities had refused to allow the Slovene minority in Carinthia to put up candidates who had taken an active part in the Partisan movement on the Austro-Slovene border. In the interests of Anglo-Yugoslav relations it would also be wise to investigate accusations from Ljubljana that the British are recruiting Croat quisling terrorists into their employ in Carinthia instead of repatriating them for trial in Yugoslavia.

A serious accusation which appears well-founded is that prominent bankers and industrialists who financed the Heimwehr putsch in 1934, gave financial backing to the Nazis before 1938, and were Hitler's main supporters during the Anschluss period are still not only at liberty, but in positions of responsibility, and have even been permitted to finance the Right-wing *Volkspartei* which, with their support, was victorious at the recent elections. A rigorous clean-up of Austrian business magnates should be instituted urgently. As it is, several of them with war criminal records are enjoying the friendship and protection of British and American officials. While in Vienna I was invited by a British officer to have lunch with a Russian banker who is on the Yugoslav list of war criminals.

The General Election was a disappointment to those who hoped for a Socialist Austria. The Right-wing parties grouped themselves in the *Volkspartei* and by dint of appeals to the Catholic traditions of the Austrian peasantry, and to those who had reason to fear a thorough purge of Nazi collaborators, scored a victory over the disunited Left which went to the polls with an uncompromisingly anti-Nazi and Socialist programme.

The Socialists had a majority in Vienna, but a much smaller one than at the last elections, though they gained votes in the country districts. The Communists have made little headway amongst the electorate, though such Communist leaders as Ernst Fischer have left their mark on Austrian administration, and their absence from responsible posts would remove a steadying influence which has mediated between the Socialists and Catholics, often irreconcilable on such thorny issues as religious education.

The *Volkspartei* leader and new Chancellor of Austria is Leopold Figl, a 43-year-old disciple of the diminutive Dr. Dollfuss and himself an alert little man with a ginger moustache. Having spent six years in Nazi concentration camps, Figl had a good political record during the German occupation and is undoubtedly an honest patriot, but, compared with the retiring Chancellor, the veteran Dr. Renner, he is without experience of internal politics or foreign affairs. He is firmly opposed to the nationalisation of Austrian industry and told me he would prefer Austrian resources to be exploited by foreign capital.

Many of Figl's followers are an unknown quantity, and it is possible that some of them may be persuaded to side with the Socialists and Communists in their endeavours to secure centralised planning of Austrian economy. If so, and if the Allied authorities abandon their disastrous zoning system and withdraw their locust armies, there may be some hope for Austria. Otherwise, the immediate prospects, political and economic, are bleak.

JOHN ENNALS

A LONDON DIARY

GILES hit the nail on the head in a *Daily Express* cartoon the other day when he showed a couple of English soldiers, standing in the ruins of Berlin, reading newspaper headlines about Mosley and the Fascist Rally in London. "I seem to remember another bloke who held meetings and nobody took any notice of him at first." Just so, and this time we hope that no one will be foolish enough to say "it can't happen here," because the British have "such a sense of humour" and all the rest of the usual cant. It can't happen here if social democracy succeeds and people believe in themselves and their future. Even so, since there are many half-sane people about and some wicked ones ready to exploit to the full the bad time that Britain must inevitably go through, emotionally and materially, Mr. Chuter Ede's promise to "watch" the activities of Fascists is welcome—and also quite insufficient. The problem of special legislation to deal with racial propaganda raises no principle of liberty. There is nothing in the theory or experience of democracy which forbids us taking action to stop a group from destroying democracy. Anti-Semitism, let us note, has nothing to do with liking or not liking Jews. You may have special reasons for detesting some Jews—or Gentiles—and yet not be such a fool as not nowadays to know that racial propaganda is being used, as Hitler advised, because it is the most powerful disruptive idea at the service of Fascism. (All the old tricks are being trotted out; the word "Jews" is scribbled across notices of the Exhibition of Picasso and Matise, whom you may or may not like as painters, but who happen, neither of them, to be Jews!) No, we have to face this opening of a Fascist campaign with the knowledge of how we (and the Germans) should have behaved when Hitlerism first began to undermine the Weimar Republic. We have to consider the most expedient method of scotching the threat to our civilisation while we have the power, and before people have forgotten. The question whether new legislation is expedient wants the most careful thought and, if it is decided upon, most careful drafting. Meanwhile, one thing is quite certain. With a Labour Government and a shrewd Home Secretary it should be easy first to see that the Special Branch act towards the Fascists with at least as much determination as it did towards Communists when the Government feared Bolshevism twenty years ago. Mr. Ede must make sure that nowhere lurking in a position of authority is the idea still about that Communists are the danger (they are not) and that Fascists are only rather misguided enthusiasts to be treated carefully because they are "well-connected."

* * *

The B.B.C. brought off a magnificent double last Saturday night. Professor Vočadlo's broadcast had a particular interest to me because I knew him as a lecturer at London University many years ago, stayed with him in Prague and Bratislava in 1938 and joyfully renewed acquaintance with him recently after his release from Auschwitz and Buchenwald. But I do not think it was my old friendship which made his talk seem so fresh and brave; it was original, sincere and full of his love for England. He knows, I think, about twenty languages, but his chief passion is Basic English. The full story of how he taught English in Buchenwald, of how he recited Keats to men about to die and soothed them into sleep is one that I hope some who knew him there will write. All through his talk ran his recurrent warning to England, that we do not understand Germany or fear enough the Nazi-Prussian spirit. In 1938 he used to warn me: "Remember that he who controls Bohemia, controls Europe." Aircraft and atom-bombs

have made his strategy out of date, but the moral is unaffected. After Vočadlo had finished on Saturday night, the B.B.C., in one of its inspired moments, put on its magazine "Scrap Book" of 1929. Almost everything was apposite. Ramsay MacDonald in America, an American aircraft over the South Pole, the Wall Street crash, Priestley and Sherriff on the reasons for the success of *Good Companions* and *Journey's End*, Noel Coward's *Bitter-Sweet* and the climax—the British troops marching out of the Rhine, ten years after victory. Is the moral that they must stay there indefinitely after this war? No, but that the final folly is to occupy the enemy's territory and leave it without either depriving him of the power to strike again or destroying the system and the class which you paid so bitterly to defeat.

* * *

Crimes of violence are usually common in the aftermath of a great war in which habituation to killing has dulled the sensibilities and loosed the normal restraints of civilised men. In the present "crime wave," however, which is making press headlines, burglaries and thefts seem to be the outstanding breaches of the law. One big factor is indisputably the existence of an "underground" consisting of some ten thousand deserters from the Services. Lacking identity cards and ration-books—unless they have managed to buy forgeries—these men dare not approach a Labour Exchange for respectable employment. Picking up casual dead-end jobs "with no questions asked," and feeding always in the less reputable sort of café, they drift from petty thieving into becoming recruits for organised "gangs." I should like seriously to suggest to the authorities that a general amnesty for deserters would be the best cure for the "crime wave." In the majority of cases "desertion" began by a man's overstaying his leave—sometimes with reasonable excuse. Frightened of the "glass-house," he would put off returning to his unit until there was nothing for it, in wartime, but to go "on the run" as a posted deserter. Even in cases where cowardice was the real motive, is punishment now worth while? Except for men chargeable with civil crimes while "underground," I should wipe the slate clean.

* * *

The British and American Governments have been remarkably successful in choosing, as members of the Committee on Palestine and European Jewry, able and experienced people from both sides of the Atlantic, not one of whom is known to have any strong prejudices about Zionism. Frank Aydelotte of Princeton struck me as a model of balance and diplomacy when I met him three years ago in America; Sir Frederick Leggett everyone knows as the most skilled of industrial negotiators; Manningham-Buller has a good reputation among Tory M.P.s; Dick Crossman, assistant editor of this journal, has strong opinions about many things, but not, as far as I know, about Palestine. Crossman, who worked on Eisenhower's staff as the head (on the British side) of the political warfare department of S.H.A.E.F., should be particularly useful in dealing with the problem of the remnant of German Jewry. The Commission will have to spend part of their time in Palestine and some weeks on the Continent. No doubt they will also go to Washington. I am glad that they must make up their minds within 120 days. We need, not another vast report on Palestine, but practical and immediate suggestions.

* * *

Gardeners have responded nobly to my S.O.S. about ground elder. A friend who says ground elder has "captured an appreciable part of his garden during the war" believes there is no remedy except patient sifting and handpicking. But like the others who tell me to use a sieve when I dig, he adds that the result of years of steady work will only be to weaken, not to eliminate, the enemy. A defeatist says that long experience has proved to him that the most laborious work avails nothing. "Possibly a few crops of potatoes might help." Wallflowers, which might also help, are a happier suggestion for a garden bed. Most gardeners turn their thumbs down on poisons. They may work, but what are the results in the long run? Sodium chlorate, used a number of times when the plant is in full leaf, is dangerous, but the most effective. One hero recommends pigs, which would certainly be a really root and branch remedy for any garden. Another expert, whose suggestions I take very seriously, recommends a flame gun. This is most exciting; I wonder how one uses it. So far, in my garden, it is the ground elder that does the shooting.

CRITIC

NOBODY CARES

THERE was a merry murderer who flourished in Madrid,
And kept his place and saved his face no matter what he did.
His name was mud, his drink was blood, but still he sang with glee
"I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me."

The Axis gave him victory, the Allies gave him loans,
And Bevin gave him warning words, but hard words break no bones.
While all around Dictators drowned, still Franco seemed to swim—
He cared for nobody, no, not he, and nobody cared for him.

Republicans were much rejoiced when Franco was Potsdammed,
The Big Three swore they'd shut the door, but it has not been slammed;
They seek his trade, they send him aid in petrol flowing free,
And still he sings "I care for none, and nobody cares for me."

He knows that France will stand no chance, her protests are all vain,
For freedom's sake we will not break with Franco's Fascist Spain;
The Royalist may still persist, but Juan's hopes grow dim—
He cares for nobody, no, not he, and nobody cares for him.

We do not call upon Giral, we do not back Negrin,
Though many shout "Kick Franco out!" we still keep Franco in;
He loudly cheers each time he hears the British B.B.C.—
"I care for nobody, no, not I, but *somebody* cares for me."

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to F. Jenks.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Wanted, Young Lady Manicurist to tend claws of Trifondis' group of lions which will appear in the Birmingham Hippodrome's Mammoth Circus opening on Xmas Day. Applications Stage Door. . . Good money and prospects. P.S.—Lions prefer brunettes and redheads.—Advt. *Birmingham Evening Despatch.*

The Second Chamber is seldom under a doubt as to its duty and its responsibility. The most elementary reference to history must convince the most ignorant of voters that the House of Lords has always existed to ensure the fruition of the people's will. It certainly does not exist and has never been utilised for the purpose of frustrating the people's will.—From Editorial in *Daily Sketch.*

When the war was on we did have peace and liberty to look forward to, but now what?—*Sunday Express.*

NEW HORIZONS IN KENYA

KENYA has long been among the toughest nuts in the British imperial basket. One cannot withhold admiration, therefore, from the Labour Government which, within a few months of taking office, has decided to grapple with the ticklish problems which this country presents. The White Paper recently published on Kenya deals with the whole complicated issue of land and settlement there.

We all know the rough outlines of the Kenya position. A small group of European settlers who now possess millions of acres of the best land and a disproportionate political influence; a larger group of Indians, mainly traders and artisans; millions of Africans who are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, engaged for the most part in primitive agriculture on over-crowded, eroding "reserves," or else working as badly paid farm labourers and barely tolerated "squatters" on the white man's lands. All the evils and miseries of this caste system have been denounced by a generation of Socialist thinkers. Now that Labour is in power, what has it decided to do about it?

The outlines of Labour's plan are simple and straightforward. The three races are there, well established; there is no intention of expropriating or uprooting any of them—that would be too revolutionary for British tradition, and would anyhow *in itself* not solve anything. The key to the problem is the land—its maldistribution and its misuse in different ways by the different communities. "The problems of the land," states the White Paper, "are not only fundamentally important, but desperately urgent, and the Government for its part is determined to tackle them vigorously, continuously, and comprehensively." To do this a Central Settlement Board is to be established with African, Asiatic and European sub-Boards. The African Settlement Board will have the biggest task. In the first place, it must consider the whole position in the African areas, and not only save the soil which is already so badly damaged, but also introduce new farming methods. It must, in short, plan a "revolution" in African agriculture. Its second task will be to settle Africans—and bold scientific work has already been begun to plan these settlements—on new lands *outside* the present recognised "native areas"—which probably means the thin edge of the wedge of African penetration into the European preserves.

All this settlement and resettlement is going to involve, it is reckoned, millions and millions of pounds. A large grant has already been approved from the Colonial Development and Welfare Vote, but that is recognised as a mere first instalment. No direct money return can be expected, but, "in view of the relative economic weakness of the African and his inability to raise his standard of living by his own unaided efforts, the Colony must face the obligation of subsidising African settlement and resettlement from public funds. . . . We are faced with a problem which cannot be left to itself; it must and will be vigorously tackled."

When it comes to the Asiatics, the Government is less sure what to do. Have they really any strong desire for agricultural settlement? Indeed, what is to be the future of the Indians in Kenya? The Indian Settlement Board will enquire into what demand there exists among the *local* Indians (further immigration will be dealt with in a coming statement) to take up an agricultural career, and what lands are suitable. At the same time a thoroughgoing investigation will be made into the whole future of the Indian community, in order to discover "what other opportunities might be opened to the Indian population without unduly competing with the legitimate aspirations of the African people."

But it is to the plans on European settlement that the student of these matters will turn with quickening interest. What is to become of this group of *Herrenvolk* who have proclaimed so long

and so loud that Kenya is to be a white man's country? The plan is to allow them about 500 new settlers (mainly ex-Servicemen who are Kenya nationals) on land in the Highlands already in European possession, and made available by the sub-division of large estates and the development of areas still undeveloped. The Government will invest about £600,000 in these schemes, whose details are already worked out, and this must be wholly repaid by the farmers. The White Paper states explicitly: "It is not the intention that European settlement shall be subsidised . . . no charge on account of these settlement proposals will fall on the taxpayer."

Finally, the old wretched squatter system, whereby detribalised Africans were allowed to "squat" on European land in return for labour on the estates, is to be revolutionised. There is no intention of granting the desire of some of the white settlers compulsorily to remove these people. On the contrary, they and their families "must now be regarded as having become a permanent and indispensable part of the population of the Highlands." They will remain in the European areas as of right and not on sufferance, and will be helped to better conditions of all sorts.

Here is an imaginative plan which commands respect. The problems of Kenya have to be tackled on this broad basis of a revolution in agriculture and land use, and the Government's general approach is absolutely right. But with Kenya's racial animosities uppermost in most of our minds, doubts will linger which need dispelling. Why is a Labour Government allowing the settlement of any new European farmers at all until the African land problem has been eased? Why are the European settlement schemes so complete while the African schemes still seem to be pious aspirations? Why is there no explicit statement that the vicious system of racial discrimination in land, which has disfigured Kenya's history, is to be abandoned? Why are no Africans immediately to be appointed to the African Settlement Board? And what will the Government do if, in spite of its assurances that Europeans are not to be subsidised, the farmers do not, in fact, pay for their settlement loans?

A number of these doubts occur because the Government have not yet had sufficient time to work things out more definitely. European plans were prepared and promised by earlier governments; but African plans are only now being given birth. Might it not have been better, then, to postpone everything until concrete schemes could have been offered to the Africans as well? The answer to that is that white Kenya ex-servicemen are being demobbed. They have been promised opportunities to settle; it would not be fair to keep them waiting, perhaps for years. There are good answers, undoubtedly, to all the points of criticism, but the world tends to judge in terms of black and white. More Europeans will, in point of fact, be seen to be taking up farms and enjoying loans. Africans will not be seen to benefit much for some time. No amount of explaining that the Europeans are only Kenya nationals, or that in the end Africans will benefit infinitely more, will sugar the pill. It never does in these complicated colonial problems, where so few people understand all the facts.

In all probability, in ten years' time, the present plan will have proved itself and will be looked upon as opening a new era in Kenya's history. That is certainly its intention. But unless reassurances are speedily given on some of the points I have mentioned, the good intentions will not be appreciated, certainly not by Africans. A deep distrust colours the attitude of colonial peoples to us and to all our works. Particularly in Kenya, where, in the political field, Europeans remain the dominant community (this White Paper does not purport to tackle that problem at all) every possible loophole for suspicion should be stopped from the outset.

RITA HINDEN

PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

PSYCHOSOMATIC medicine is the somewhat awkward name for an approach to medical problems which began to gain wide scientific recognition in the United States during the decade before the war and has attracted a large number of new adherents within the medical profession as a result of Army experience. The conception on which it is based is as old as the art of medicine itself, but became obscured in the latter part of the nineteenth century by the mechanistic tendency of the physical sciences in that period. Stated colloquially, the idea is merely that when a man or woman is sick, it is the person who must be treated and not merely an arm, a heart, or a nerve. According to this view, every illness has both its physical and its emotional components. This is not at all to say that every illness is psychogenic—a term which is falling into disrepute among those who understand psychosomatic medicine. They rather conceive of the body and the psyche as being merely different aspects of a single organic unit, which are separated not in objective reality, but only in our manner of observing and speaking.

The old-fashioned family doctor recognised this truth and utilised it in his practice, but a new scientific basis has been laid for the method by recent researches in physiology and clinical medicine. For instance, Cannon and his associates have traced numerous physical accompaniments of fear and rage, such as redistribution of the blood supply from the internal organs to the skeletal muscles, changes in the chemical composition of the blood itself, more rapid heart action and muscular tension. These changes, which are of course automatic and involuntary, appear to be in the nature of preparation for the type of action which would be appropriate as a response to the stimulus which arouses the emotion, i.e., flight or combat. Such physical accompaniments of emotion are, under appropriate circumstances, normal and healthy. When, however, the usual response is prevented or in some way inhibited or confused, discharge of the mobilised energy may not take place and the bodily changes tend to persist, or the energy may become discharged in some pathogenic way.

An everyday example is that of the person who becomes ill as a result of anxiety in a situation with which he is unable to cope. Thus, a speculator for a rise in the stock market may suffer indigestion or heart trouble during a panic because, although he is afraid, he cannot run away from the danger or do anything to contend with it. Such instances are commonly recognised, but what is not so often recognised is that physical ailments may in the overwhelming majority of cases have a similar history, which can be disentangled from the background of individual experience by the psychiatrically skilled physician.

It has been indicated by recent researches that specific illnesses such as high blood pressure, coronary insufficiency, gastric ulcer, or asthma and hay fever are usually associated with specific types of personality. By means of psychiatric examination of hundreds of sufferers from these ailments "personality profiles" have been developed which are roughly characteristic of each. These profiles are an aid both to diagnosis and to treatment. Though the matter is too complex to be summarised briefly without oversimplification, we may say, for example, that the sufferer from coronary disease is likely to be one who has a basic conflict with authority, and has dealt with that conflict by means of hard and unremitting work, pursued with great constancy of purpose, in an effort to get to the top so that he may not be subject to the authority of anyone else. The physical breakdown often comes when this method of defence fails through disappointment in business or personal achievement.

It has even been discovered that a tendency to be injured by accident exists in many persons, and may be called a disease with a set of typical personality profiles. Patients in the fracture ward of a large hospital were used as a control group for a study of patients suffering from cardiovascular disease, rheumatism, diabetes, and other ailments. They were chosen for this role on the hypothesis that they would be the most nearly "normal" of any group of patients in the hospital. Careful research showed, however, that a high percentage of them had each suffered from a long series of accidents and presented a typical life history and personality picture. The incidence of accidents had much more correlation with the personality of the accident sufferer than with the risks to which he was exposed. The accidents did not seem to be due to what we ordinarily call clumsiness, and accident-proneness could not be correlated with the results of intelligence tests or aptitude tests. The accident habit was rather an accompaniment of a certain type of basic conflict and of the habit pattern which the person had developed in dealing with this conflict. Here, as in the coronary cases, trouble with authority seems to be prominent, but the method of dealing with it is entirely different. A large group of the accident-prone run away from authority by changing occupations or personal relationships, and usually receive their injuries at times when such escape is impossible.

Medicine during the past few decades has made rapid progress in dealing with diseases due to microbes or other physical pathogenic agents from the environment. Smallpox, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and even tuberculosis have been so well controlled that they have ceased to rank high as causes of illness and death. The same success has not been registered with the so-called functional or chronic diseases, which now place the main burden on the time and skill of doctors and the facilities of hospitals. It is important to control these diseases as well, if public health is to be improved and the burden of socialised medicine is not to be excessive. It is with these very chronic diseases that the psychosomatic approach seems to offer most promise. Indeed, they are now sometimes improperly called the psychosomatic diseases although, strictly speaking, all disease is psychosomatic. Emotional factors probably have much to do with individual differences in resistance to infection, even of the diseases the active pathogenic agent of which is a germ or virus. On the other hand, the ailments which seem to be more closely associated with psychological factors cannot be said to lack external stimulus, since even personality formation depends largely on environment.

A prominent British physician, Dr. James L. Halliday, took cognisance of this fact when he wrote recently that the prevalence of psychosomatic ailments "rises or falls in accordance with the rise or fall of communal 'upsetting events'; i.e., in accordance with the pressure of environment in its psychological aspects." It has been stated by medical authorities in the American Army that the so-called psychosomatic diseases and psychoneurosis account for about 80 per cent. of the illnesses of soldiers.

This branch of medicine is still in its infancy. Though the general principles underlying it are increasingly recognised, much remains to be done in identifying the specific emotional components of the several diseases and in tracing the physiological connection between the emotional state and the organic dysfunction or lesion. Much also remains to be done in working out the appropriate therapeutic techniques and making them available to the general body of physicians. Needless to say, the authorities on psychosomatic medicine do not recommend deep psychotherapy in every case, and recognise that ordinary medical remedies or even surgery are often advisable. They understand, too, that the job of prevention is fundamentally one of altering the social and economic environment, just as the prevention of the common epidemics has required public health measures.

GEORGE SOULE

THE PARTISAN SPIRIT

"SHALL we be able to land in this?" I asked, peering down from the aircraft into what seemed to me an impenetrable feather-bed of white cloud.

"A good crew could do it," replied the tall, majestic airman in Yugoslav blue.

"That's all right then," I said. "I am quite sure you are a good crew."

"The pilot you know," said the Yugoslav. "He's Semic, Tito's own pilot."

"Yes, indeed I do know. I am told he is wonderful."

"The radio man is also first-class."

"Good. And the navigator?"

"I am the navigator," said the airman, with simple pride.

"Well then," I said, "we are perfectly safe."

But we did not land. The aircraft, a heavy Dakota, laden with M.P.s. and journalists, droned on. It began to be dusk. When we left Paris in sunshine we were told we had to come down for fuel in Munich or Vienna. My watch showed that we should long ago have reached Vienna. Where were we going? Reports said that, with the possible exception of Belgrade, which was a very long way off, there was no airfield in Yugoslavia with facilities for night landing. The more I thought about it, the more certain it seemed that we should make a forced landing somewhere in the dark.

If I had known what I learned afterwards, that the three hundred feet ceiling reported at Paris had dropped to a hundred feet by the time we got to Munich, and that our aircraft had no radio contact with any German station except Frankfurt—if I had known this, I should certainly have been frightened. As it was, I was only consumed with curiosity. Where should we come down? Could even a good crew cross the Alps, find a small airfield in the dark, and land a Dakota on it? I began to think it unlikely. With so many public characters on board the crash would be quite a journalistic scoop. But that was not much consolation, for I should be part of the crash.

I looked round and caught Basil's eye. He had done a lot of flying in bad conditions during the war. His smile told me that he thought as I did about the chances of a safe landing. Next me was Syers, reading *War and Peace*. I caught him looking at his watch and out into the night. So he was wondering too. *War and Peace*. Probably the best novel ever written; the perfect thing to be reading when you crash. I remembered a discussion from my undergraduate days at Cambridge. What occupation, we were asked, would you suggest for a friend if you knew he was going to die in a few hours and he did not know it himself? One of the answers suggested was that you should read *Hamlet* to him. So Syers had the right idea. I looked at Leah Manning. She was solid as a rock, so robust and practical that I felt, even if the aircraft did crash, that she would somehow be found sitting immovable as she now was, deep in a *Life of Tito*. In front of me was Zilliacus, one of the best linguists in Europe. He was completely absorbed in a German Serbo-Croat grammar. He would know Serbo-Croat after he had been in Yugoslavia for a week, just as he already knew Russian and Polish and all the Teutonic and Latin languages, with Finnish and a bit of Chinese thrown in. He was certainly spending his last hour as he would have chosen. Behind me there were four other M.P.s., all blissfully asleep. They would not want to be wakened. What about me? I felt for my pocket chess. "How about a game?" I said to my neighbour. We played until it was too dark to see the pieces.

How cold it was! Colder, it seemed, than ever before. And with the cold an odd sensation, not giddiness or sickness, but what doctors, for once failing to invent a long Latin name for a common human experience, call "distress." Lack of oxygen. We were very high over the Alps. It was now quite dark; the books were shut and the sleepers woke up and stamped. The remains of the coffee in my Thermos and biscuits and chocolate were shared. No one said anything much. We just huddled up for warmth. I put on a pair of long woollen stockings—a good reserve for those who have a rooted objection to full length woollen pants. Roberts, who is in the R.A.F., began a series of surprising convolutions. He was apparently hobbling himself with a vast woollen muffler. He explained that the trick of keeping out the cold is to keep your ankles and wrists warm. Of course, quite true. Ski-ing suits and battledress.

Suddenly somebody gave a shout. Below us was a large lighted city. We were flying very low and the navigator put his head round the door to tell us we had reached Zagreb. He certainly deserved our confidence; he had pinpointed the only possible landing ground with the absolute minimum of radio help. We saw all the squares and the layout of the town as we circled round it for what seemed an astonishing length of time. Afterwards we learned that we were talking to the Zagreb radio station, asking them to put what lights they could on the military airfield. Interminably we went round and round the outskirts of the city. We could not imagine where we should land. There was no flare path. Then we dipped and came sharply down to a runway which was barely visible in the headlights of half a dozen hurriedly collected cars. It seemed impossible that we should hit it. We did not, and with a roar of engines the aircraft went up to do another wide circle. This happened twice, but the third time, it seemed by a miracle, we landed without a jolt and drew up in the pitch darkness.

Later I said to Semic, "That was a wonderful landing. I feel as grateful to you as if you had thrown me into the Danube and then done a heroic rescue."

"Yes," he said, "it was no joke at all, that landing. We are very lucky to be alive."

"You could have gone on to Belgrade?"

"Of course I could, if we had had any petrol. But we had run out."

"Why," I asked, "did you start from Paris?"

"We had the meteorological report," he said.

"But it must have been a very bad one. The R.A.F. would not have started."

"No, of course they wouldn't."

"In fact," I said, "you flew on the Partisan spirit?"

"That's right," he cried, "it was the Partisan spirit!" and he was shaken by gusts of Homeric laughter.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

RADIO NOTES

LISTENING to Forces Educational lately, I have been struck by a distinct improvement in the manner with which these broadcasts are delivered. When they started, I commented adversely on the tone of arch reassurance adopted by almost all those who addressed themselves to what is, admittedly, a difficult job; but, now that these programmes have got into their stride, a much greater degree of naturalness has supervened. The broadcasts on music seem to me, on the whole, the best; the approach is just right, and there is none of that maddening pretence that all great art is, or should be, easy to understand or enjoy. Mr. Sidney Harrison, whose booklet, *The Music to Give the Troops*, contains much good sense, is evidently as sensitive as a blind man to the buffs awaiting those who attempt to bridge the ravine that divides the educated from the uneducated mind. In my own rather desultory experience, the Schools Broadcasts are a model of what radio can do to impart information compactly, interestingly, and altogether without affectation. In all humility I confess that I learn a great deal whenever I tune in to these programmes; they are a most pleasant alternative to browsing in the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Oxford English Dictionary, or the Dictionary of National Biography.

Prince Igor. This performance had much to recommend it. The Theatre Orchestra played with verve and distinction, so that even the hackneyed dances sounded thrilling. The freshness and originality of this opera are such that it rises superior to its obvious faults—faults which are far less conspicuous on the air than in the theatre. Of the cast, only two singers sounded at all authentic: Jan van der Gucht and Marian Zigmunt. The latter made a really blazing figure of Konchak, and I was sorry to miss his fine aria in the third act, which was among the many omissions. It would surely have been better to cut a chunk out of the endlessly repetitive Polovtsian March, especially as this was deprived of much of its slender interest by the absence of the chorus. Redvers Llewellyn sang the part of Igor with sonorous dignity; but Nina Lenova, in spite of her name, might never have left the home counties. Occasionally she achieved a beautiful note, but she showed hardly any sense of phrasing, and her *forte* had too little power for such a part as Jaroslavna.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*Dec. 30th*. Records, 1945 (Desmond Shawe-Taylor, 12.15 p.m.); Bach's Christmas Oratorio (2.30 p.m.).

Dec. 31st. "Threshold of the New" (Louis MacNeice, 11 p.m.).

Jan. 2nd. B.B.C. Concert (11.20 a.m.); "One Day in the Luxembourg" (6.45 p.m.); "Is there anything in it?" (Atlantic—R. Heppenstall, 10 p.m.).

Jan. 3rd. Recital (Mewton-Wood, L.P., 12 noon); "The Naturalist" (6.30 p.m.); Evening Primrose (9.30 p.m.).

Jan. 4th. "England Discovered" (L.P., 10 a.m.); Records (Hugo Wolf, 11.50 p.m.).

Jan. 5th. "He was Born Gay" (Emlyn Williams, 9.20 p.m.).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

FILMS IN 1945

WHAT sort of a year has it been? The year, first of all, in which war rolled back over the frontiers and ended. That memory, in or out of a cinema, thrusts aside any other. Particular films tack down the experience. *The True Glory*: no other film enabled us to see and feel so acutely, and whatever might be said against its use of poetics (discreet, after all), it raised images and voices that persist. We shan't forget in a hurry (at least I hope we shan't) the invasion fleet, the landings on the beaches, Arnhem, Paris, a convoy pouring through a wood, soldiers fighting in the Normandy sun and snowbound before the Rhine. Here was that mirror of events—a twirling faceted mirror—which only the film can offer: see how it enlarged the screen! One can hardly remember those times without it; and other phases of war were brought home almost as vividly. The jungle of *Burma Victory*, the Pacific in *The Fighting Lady*, muttered and splashed on our doorstep: call it reporting if you like. And as a postscript to these documentaries of action I would add *A Diary for Timothy*, in which Humphrey Jennings and E. M. Forster brought together impressions of England during the last six months of struggle. This film should appeal to the fastidious. It dwindles a little in places, but it has a theme, and it transmits sensibility.

I had meant to begin this article with a list of my "ten best films" (every critic is supposed to turn up with one); well, here it is, grown to fifteen or so:

The True Glory; *L'Eternel Retour* (Cocteau); *Days of Hope* (Malraux); *Hortobagy*; *Burma Victory*; *The Southerner*; *The Story of G. I. Joe*; *Brief Encounter*; *Rainbow* (Russian); *Prelude to War* (Part I of Capra's war history); *Epaves* (French documentary); *The Fighting Lady*; *Lermontov*; *A Diary for Timothy*; *The Lost Week-End*; *Marie-Louise*; and *Blithe Spirit*.

Good year, thanks to the war. The documentary and the semi-documentary have come into their own, with—it may be supposed—lasting effect. The film as an art has two trump cards. One is realism. It sees things as they are (comparatively speaking) and can insist upon what it sees. It can correct, sift, pin down, juxtapose, and explore; this capability, under the stress of the war years, has been enormously enhanced. We no longer think of drawing a sharp line between fact and fiction. *The True Glory*, for example, is an actual record of events, *Days of Hope* a reconstitution, but the categories don't divide. The second trump card is the creation of a rhythm or music for the eye. All good cinemas do this to a greater or less degree (the film-goer will find rewarding sequences in *A Diary for Timothy* and *Hortobagy*), and when a reaction against realism

sets in, we may expect a freer development of vision and style than is apparent to-day. Meanwhile the occasional thrust in that direction merits notice. At the top of my list, therefore, with *The True Glory* I would put Cocteau's *L'Eternel Retour*. Why hasn't this film, press-shown eight or ten months ago, yet reached the English public?

Among the other pieces listed, the most notable American fiction was *The Southerner*, in which at last, with a drama of poor whites, Renoir seems to have found a home, and from our own studios Coward's *Brief Encounter*. Coward, and his director, David Lean, have done much to raise English films above the level of brassy competence. Of competent English films there is indeed no lack: I remember off-hand a half-dozen, among which *Waterloo Road*, *Dead of Night*, and *The Way to the Stars* were outstanding. So far as quality goes there isn't now a great deal to choose between the best American and the best English films. The immense gulf suggested by a glance down the amusements column is due chiefly to the advantages of the big firm over the little one, the giant placard over the inconspicuous hall-mark. One can, however, be inconspicuous to a fault. Too many of our products still aim at the time-honoured dignity of pewter.

Unassorted memories. Miss Celia Johnson, in *Brief Encounter*, gave the best acting performance of the year. There was a dearth of really good comedians. In the struggle for international boredom, *Wilson* found at last a worthy supporter in *Caesar and Cleopatra*. Chaplin abstained, and so did Orson Welles and Preston Sturges. Errol Flynn, having captured Burma, was hastily cashiered. Revivals of D. W. Griffith gave us the chance to rearrange our perspectives. Anything else? A Miss Lauren Bacall sloped down one day from the hills with a sore throat, and to the envy of all, man, woman and child, carried off Mr. Bogart.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PAUL KLEE

A FORTNIGHT ago, writing about the Matisse and Picasso exhibition, I suggested that it marked the triumphant conclusion of a 35-year campaign. I stick to this opinion, although there has, since then, been an outbreak of sniping: some plucky greybeard wehrwolves seem to have taken to the *maquis*. And presumably the Paul Klee exhibition at the National Gallery will draw fire from their rusty flintlocks. The screams extorted from Picasso by the anguish of life in Occupied France have by some people been dismissed as the chuckles of a practical joker; and, since Klee draws with a more than Chinese refinement, I expect, before these lines are printed, to read in the correspondence columns of the *Times* that he cannot draw—such is our English love of paradox. For my part I welcome every sign of an interest in art, even expressions of dislike for it. Indifference is the real enemy.

Klee died in 1940 in Switzerland, a refugee from the Nazi regime. In my judgment he is the best German painter who has appeared since the sixteenth century. That is not saying much, so let me add that his paintings seem to me the most delicate that this century has produced in any country. It has been my good fortune to live for over a year with one of them and the more I look at it, the greater my admiration. There was a good exhibition of Klees at the Leicester Galleries some years ago, but he has remained comparatively little known in this country.

His German origin (he is not a Jew) must be emphasised because it will help to explain some of the virtues in his paintings and all the defects. A drawing (No. 2), made when he was twenty-four, represents the dislikable side of Klee: it betrays that taste for the emphatic and the grotesque which has always been endemic in Northern Europe. This drawing is Rackhamish, but in later works, such as Nos. 63 and 77, we find a similar sentiment expressed in an idiom borrowed from the art of children or savages. Fortunately this characteristic of Klee's was usually subordinated to his wonderful sense of design and of texture. Though the "literary" element in his painting is not so important, I believe, to the spectator as it was to the artist, it does add something valuable in many of the pictures. There is a Hans Andersen side to him which can be very engaging: the world of his imagination includes delightful fauna and flora. Folklore, fairy-tales, forest-legends enriched his mind (look at No. 64) and he retained the childlike vision that is the advantage of the poet. At the same time there has never been a more sophisticated artist. Klee's interest in the art of other periods and countries must have been catholic and acute. He will draw on the Chinese tradition to paint a flowering shrub or a torrent; tapa-cloths, Maori tattooings, the Book of Kells, Romanesque caskets—there is hardly any tradition of surface ornament from the Stone Age onwards that he has not learnt from. He recovers what he feels to be his own wherever he finds it and the result is always unmistakably personal.

His manual skill acts as pace-maker to his imagination. Again and again in this exhibition one is reminded of Pope's couplet:

> The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
> Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.

This tactile hyper-sensibility is Klee's most outstanding gift, but his inventiveness in colour is hardly less remarkable. I do not know what painter has devised subtler harmonies than those, for instance, in Nos. 20 and 98. How conspicuously such pictures approach music! Klee belongs to the same fine family of artists as Hugo Wolf and Mallarmé—supremely civilised, esoteric, obsessed with the pursuit of perfection. Those who think that painting, unlike cricket and bridge, can be understood without expense of time and trouble, should keep away from this exhibition. Others will feel deep gratitude to Frau Klee, the British Council, and the Tate Trustees, who have made available so rich an experience.

ROGER MARVELL

AN OLD-FASHIONED SPORTSMAN

[The rage against art is as recurrent as art itself. The following poem was published in 1919.]

We thank Thee, O Lord,
That the War is over.
We can now
Turn our attention again
To money-making.
Railway Shares must go up;
Wages must come down;
Smoke shall come out
Of the chimneys of the North,
And we will manufacture battleships.
We thank Thee, O Lord,
But we must refuse
To consider
Music, Painting, or Poetry.

Our sons and brothers
Went forth to fight,
To kill certain things,
Cubism, Futurism and Vers-libre,
"All this Poetry-and-Rubbish,"
We said
"Will not stand the test of war."
We will not read a book
—Unless it is a best seller.
There has been enough art
In the past,
Life is concerned
With killing and maiming.
If they cannot kill men
Why can't they kill animals?

But as the Pharisees
Approached the tomb
They saw the boulder
Rolled back,
And that the tomb was empty
—They said
"It's very disconcerting.
I am not at all
Narrow-minded.
I know a tune
When I hear one,
And I know
What I like.
I did not so much mind
That He blasphemed
Saying that He was the Son of God,
But He was never
What I call
A Sportsman;
He went out into the desert
For forty days
—And never shot anything,
And when He hoped He would drown
He walked on the water."

OSBERT SITWELL

Correspondence

ITALY

SIR,—Mr. Fielden appears agitated because you say it is the duty of the Allies to see that "elections in Italy shall be held without threats of violence from the Right" and that liberated Italy shall not "be victimised once again by Fascism."

That the warning is not unnecessary is made plain for instance by the despatch in the *Manchester Guardian* of Dec. 14th. "Here in the North, C.N.L. and Italian labour organs are certainly longing to take over. There is strong Italian opposition, *some of it organised and some armed*, against such an eventuality. A.M.G. in these meetings have been accused of protecting Fascists, neo-Fascists, the monarchy, and vested interests." (My italics.)

So they have. For Fascism was the bulwark of the old social order. When Fascism was smashed, the defenders of the old social order were undone. The Italian Left wanted to take charge and build a new social order. But A.M.G. stepped in and "froze" the situation. They restored or preserved private ownership in factories and banks, put back Fascist or near-Fascist police, civil servants and factory and bank managers.

But the old order has broken down so completely in Italy that its defenders cannot solve the elementary problems of getting Italian economic life re-started. For once you get beyond the stage of sheer physical salvage work and emergency repairs, the business of securing homes, food and jobs for the people, let alone restoring a sense of hope and purpose in life, can be done only on the basis of broad agreement between the men and parties in charge as to the kind of society they want to build. The only kind of society in post-Fascist Italy that will work well enough economically to rekindle faith and hope and a sense of purpose in the Italian people is a largely Socialist society. The only Government and regime able and willing to build such a society is a broadly based coalition accepting the leadership of the united Socialist and Communist parties. That is the only basis on which democracy can revive in Italy.

The dead hand of A.M.G., by preventing the formation of such a Government and the carrying out of such a programme has reproduced to-day the situation and the mood that spread in the Italian people when the Italian Left failed to take charge and reconstruct the country after the first world war. Then the Left failed because it was split. Now it is sufficiently well united to get on with the job, but is being prevented by A.C. and A.M.G. from tackling it effectively.

Like social causes produce like political effects. Last time the failure of the Left to take charge of a revolutionary situation was followed by the pseudo-revolution of Fascism, which began by playing up a sort of demagogic popular patriotism, and denouncing all politics, politicians and parties.

This time a new Fascist movement, calling itself the Front of the Common Man, run by Giannini and his newspaper *L'Uomo Qualunque*, has sprung up. Its slogan is "Neither Fascism nor anti-Fascism." It demagogically denounces all politics, politicians and parties, is against both Right and Left and for the common man, for Italy. The only cure for it is to put the Left into power.

"So," says Mr. Fielden indignantly, "we *are* to interfere but on the side of the Left? Why?"

Mr. Fielden sins in good company. For when my friend Major Wilkes, M.P. for Newcastle Central, asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs on November 12th whether it was proposed to allow the further growth in Italy of the Fascist movement, the Front of the Commen Man, or whether it was the intention of the Allied Control Commission to ban this movement, Mr. Bevin replied that "the question of

political movements in Italy is now primarily one for the Italian Government."

This was an astounding reply. For (*a*) the new Fascist movement in Italy has been incubated and hatched by Allied military occupation, and is spreading because tolerated by A.M.G. If A.M.G. had not stood in the way, the Italian Left would have smashed this movement in the egg. (*b*) As Mr. Noel Baker declared in the House on Dec. 19th the Labour Government is still bound by Mr. Churchill's interpretation of the Atlantic Charter, given in the House of Commons on May 24th, 1944, when he was Prime Minister of the Coalition:

"It is the firm intention of the United Nations that . . . all . . . countries which are now associated with us, shall have a fair and free opportunity, as soon as the Germans are driven out and tranquillity is restored, of deciding whatever form of democratic government they desire. They can choose freely for themselves. I emphasise, however, the word 'democratic' because it is quite clear that we should not allow any form of Fascism to be restored or set up in any country with whom we have been at war." (*c*) Last December, the Annual Conference of the Labour Party adopted a report on foreign policy framed by the National Executive and called *The International Post-War Settlement*. It said that Socialism is essential to economic reconstruction and to the spread of political freedom and democracy in Europe.

What all this adds up to is that the Labour Government can either abandon the Atlantic Charter and the Labour Party's declared policy and let Fascism rip in Italy, thereby losing the peace to the enemy we defeated in war, or else we can carry out our pledges and apply our declared policy by putting down the neo-Fascists in Italy and intervening on the side of the Left, who are alone capable of reconstructing and bringing back democracy to that distracted country.

House of Commons. K. ZILLIACUS, M.P.

PALESTINE

SIR,—Your correspondent "G." makes the usual blunder of those who pay fleeting visits to Palestine. He has been there "for some months," and he has obviously done what most people do and come to the usual faulty and superficial conclusions.

He has obviously been to Tel Aviv. He has also been to several Zionist agricultural settlements and been fascinated by the extraordinary sight of healthy children thriving in what appears to be a sort of modern Arcadia where the parents toil joyfully and take no wages. Whether he has been to any Arab villages is not clear, but he mentions in passing that Arabs have benefited from Jewish enterprise—at one place from a water supply, at another from a road being bent so as not to exclude two villages.

What your correspondent has not been in Palestine long enough to examine is the entire economic basis upon which all this Zionist enterprise is constructed. It is quite true that the children of Zionist settlers are thriving well; children of Arab peasants would thrive well if their parents were each settled on the land by a vast international organisation deriving its income mainly from American Big Business men at £146 per head; if in addition to the Mandatory Government's health and educational services the Arab children had hospitals and clinics built by wealthy American women's institutions such as the American Women's Zionist Organisation. Moreover, had your correspondent cared to investigate behind the outward prosperity of the Palestine Zionist settlements he would have found that practically all of them are heavily in debt to the Jewish National Fund (to whom they must pay a rent of 2 per cent. of the total value of the land plus improvements, starting after the fifth year of foundation) and to various other funds. Moreover, the much-vaunted Zionist methods of modern farming are so costly that in any one year the amount spent in interest and depreciation is about 20 per cent. of the net agrarian production. Produce grown at such costs cannot compete with Arab produce: hence the Zionists have created their own co-operatives for buying and selling such produce (*Tenuva*). The settlements have enjoyed a boom throughout the war; without more heavy external finance they would not be able to maintain their present standards of living—and without somehow expanding their economy to sell in Arab markets (both in Palestine and the surrounding Arab states). This latter proposal had already found favour among some Zionist settlers who have begun to set up factories and other industrial enterprises attached to their colonies. (This project will come to nothing as far as the Arabs are concerned because the latter have foreseen the danger and imposed an economic boycott from January 1st next.)

The upshot of all this is that Zionism in Palestine has cut the entire economy of the country in two: one indigenous, the Arab; the other financed and imported from outside. A fusion of the two would have benefited the Arabs permanently. The present system—linked as it is to a dangerous political aim (viz., to create a majority and eventually control the whole country)—is breeding only hatred and bitter competition. Zionists are fond of explaining to visitors the advantages they have brought to Palestine: they generally omit to mention that after 25 years of intense activity by their Labour organisations and Trade Unions, Jewish wages in industry are between 200 and 900 *mils* while Arab wages are between 75 and 500. In agriculture the Jewish wage is 200, the Arab 80. Moreover, the Zionist *Histraduth* (Labour Federation) is a powerful agency which has power to employ, to fix wages and to do general Trade Union work. It keeps all Arab labour off the settlements and discourages it in its building projects (most of which are dominated by the big *Solel Boneh* corporation). It is true the Arabs made something out of the presence of the British Army in their country, but nothing compared to the amount the *Solel Boneh* made building roads and forts in Palestine, Syria and Lebanon.

I realise your correspondent is only judging from superficial observations. But I think his picture should be corrected by more factual study. He might for instance do what I did. Visit all types of Jewish Settlement systematically, comparing the economic structure of each. He should then go and live (and work) for a couple of years in an Arab village. Then, I think, his conclusion that Arabs and Jews would live together quite happily but for "a few young lunatics" and "political agents" will require revision. He will see that you cannot build an entirely new State by foreign finance and a sort of Corporate State economy *against* the will and permanent interests of the indigenous population—even if that population is financially poor and suffering from three centuries of foreign rule. It is not, sir, the British Government which is "ignoring realities and adhering to outdated policies," but your honourable correspondent. And his policy, regrettable as it may seem in a well-meaning soldier, is the old one of imperialism—in a very original guise.

16 Meadowside, Cambridge Park, Twickenham. MARGARET POPE

COMPENSATION

SIR,—One aspect of the Bill nationalising the Bank of England has had less than due attention. Bank of England stock had long had the characteristics of a high-class debenture, and its quotations varied within narrow limits according to the rate of interest. During the five years 1935–1939, it averaged a few points above 350, and during 1940–44 the average quotation was not much higher, though it had been rising slowly since the general improvement of the situation in 1942–43. In the first half of 1945 it was quoted about 383–385, with a peak of 388½. After the King's speech it fell for a moment to under 360, but recovered, encouraged no doubt by the exchange of polite words between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord Catto. Nevertheless it was a surprise that on the day of the introduction of the Nationalisation Bill Bank stock should have reached its highest level for many years.

This bewildering reversal in the behaviour of the Stock Exchange has been entirely due to the terms of compensation offered to the stockholders by the Labour Government. Stockholders had been receiving for years a dividend of 12 per cent. They are now to be guaranteed the same income from 3 per cent. Government bonds, unredeemable for twenty years, exchanged against Bank stock in a ratio of £400 bonds for £100 stock. That is to say, the Government is generously paying at least £400 for stock which would never have cost more than approximately £380 in the open market, and very often could have been bought for much less.

The fact is that Bank of England stock, although highly respectable, never had the same credit rating as gilt-edged securities and therefore yielded more than Government bonds of a comparable character. The fact that the price of Bank stock has now reached the high figure of £396 means that an income guaranteed by the State commands a higher price than an equal income guaranteed by the conservative principles of the Governor and the Court of the Bank of England. The cash bonus paid to the stockholders amounts to more than £1,500,000, calculated on the most favourable market price, and much more if calculated on a long-term average price.

The Government has stressed its intention that these terms should not be regarded as a precedent. This may be true of the concrete arrangements, but it is plain that the principles followed in this case cannot be disregarded in future without unfairness, and the Government has, therefore, saddled itself with the difficult responsibility of justifying any departure from these principles against the opposition of all affected interests. It has been explained that the Bank has large hidden reserves, but that cannot be held to justify a payment in excess of the price taken by willing sellers in the open market.

Apart from this, the very principle of equal income before and after nationalisation is dangerous and inadmissible. The Stock Exchange itself does not admit it; it recognises a hierarchy of yields where the last are, in fact, the first. Gilt-edged securities have the lowest yield of all types of investment, and the guarantee of equal income from public funds invariably and necessarily inflates the compensation of shareholders beyond the market value of their property. Yet even compensation at the market value would be far too favourable for the interests involved, for this value generally contains a substantial element of "goodwill" which may represent hidden reserves engaged in earning profits but which may also represent other "assets" which ought not to be taken into account in assessing compensation. Thus the Bank of England is by law the hub of the English banking system and it is also the banker of the Government. The Bill gives countenance to the idea that vested interests based on the exploitation of a public function shall be perpetuated in case of nationalisation.

ACCOUNTANT

HYDRO-ELECTRICITY

SIR,—Critic, as usual, hits the nail on the head when he says, in his note on the Tummel-Garry Hydro-Electric Scheme, that the real ground for criticism "is the absence of a comprehensive scheme of economic rehabilitation." Most observers will agree with him that "the issue does not really turn on beauty"; though some of us who have seen the obscene bowels which now crawl down the eastern flank of Schiehallion into the Grampian Electricity Station will feel that some concern for beauty ought to form part of the quality of those who invade the Highland scene in order to extract power therefrom.

There is an irrelevant partisan note in his comment when he labels the opponents of the present scheme as "Tory." Believe me, the most effective opponents of the scheme are not reactionary but entirely progressive; and they hope that you will use your influence with the present discipline-ridden Socialist majority in the House of Commons to make sure that next time a public issue of this kind comes up for parliamentary consideration, the Government will not be permitted to override the public interest as they did last month. The Tummel-Garry scheme was clearly a test case in the whole matter, and it is to be hoped that before the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board are permitted to take another step in the matter they will be compelled to put their cards on the table and to place before us all that "comprehensive scheme" which Critic rightly describes as the heart of the matter. A. F. WHYTE

The Athenæum, S.W.1.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

For this generation, Mazzini has sunk into oblivion, and now it is an Indian scholar who has brought him to life again in a rich volume of selections.* Why was it that Europeans forgot him? Was it that Marx, whom he combated, posed questions for which the Italian idealist had no adequate answer? Is it that we ask for a guide to life more scientific than the preachers can give us? The nineteenth century needed its preachers, its Carlyle, its Mazzini, its Tolstoy, because its besetting sin was complacency. Of these only Tolstoy is still alive for us, but it is his novels rather than his sermons that hold us spellbound. Among the three, Mazzini was the most positive and the most urbane. He does not repel us, as Carlyle does, by his angularities and his worship of force: he does not demand of us, as Tolstoy does, the sacrifice of all that we value in civilisation: austere though his revolutionary ethics are, they require no break with classical tradition, for they rank beauty with virtue and duty among the ends that a good man pursues.

The real reason why Mazzini has been forgotten is that his fame was linked with the fortunes of Italy. He was the prophet of the Italian *risorgimento*, and in its long-term results that movement disappointed us. For an older generation it was still a stimulating legend. It could prompt Meredith to one of the happiest of his romances. It sings in Swinburne's verses. It could still inspire Trevelyan to undertake his monumental life of Garibaldi. But the contemporary reader turns away from Mazzini's pages with a divided mind. Their eloquence still moves us. The nobility of their ethics, which renounce the pursuit of happiness and summon us only to duty and devotion, lifts us for a moment above our humdrum selves. Was there ever in history a clarion-call to action so exalted and so musical? This picture of an Italian Republic deriving from God and the People, with a purified religion and a new social morality—has any prophet in the hour of struggle put a loftier aim before his country's youth? In a sense the thing was done: Italy was liberated and united. But it happened in spite of Mazzini, by means that he deemed fatal, with the aid of foreign arms and under the House of Savoy. Where in the rather squalid constitutional monarchy was there any trace of the exalted morality he had preached over its cradle? It survived, until Mussolini's march on Rome, by a huckstering opportunism at home, while it stood for *sacro egoismo* abroad. Nationality, moreover, as we watched it at work, was never the principle of co-operative unity he had conceived it to be: always it cursed our continent with strife.

To-day, while the Italian tradition struggles once again to realise itself, it should be easier to form an estimate of what Mazzini meant. The kingdom was not the final verdict on his work. The man, at least, stands out for us from his writings and the record of his influence as one of the noblest and most original figures his century produced. He had the gift, wherever he went, of inspiring love, sympathy and trust. Young men went proudly to prison and the scaffold, because his writings and example had steeled them to a conception of sacrificial duty. All the records dwell on his physical attraction and the simple dignity of his carriage. Among his many devoted friends in London were men and women who summed up all that was best and most sensitive in the Liberal England of his day. Even more impressive is the evidence of the love he could inspire in the workers of his native Genoa. They stood guard over him, while he lay in hiding under sentence of death, posted their armed pickets round his garret and not one among them was ever tempted to betray him. It is easy to believe that his good looks, his magnetism and his eloquence won good will at a first encounter. But this man was tested through fifty years of conspiracy and agitation. Always his conspiracies failed: always he was in relentless opposition to the tactics that seemed to succeed: never was he in a position to reward a follower, and yet he retained to the end the unflinching loyalty of the few and the steady respect of the many. A poor political tactician he may have been, for he could not dissemble and he would not bend. It is equally doubtful whether Garibaldi really was in the technical sense a gifted soldier, but the two had this in common, that each was a superb leader of men. Mazzini proved this in 1849 as triumvir of the Roman Republic, as Garibaldi proved it when he led the Thousand in Sicily.

The chances that came to Mazzini to prove his stature in action were few. His claim to our respect and, indeed, to our reverence, rests on his conduct throughout a long life of apparent failure, dogged all the time by poverty and often by danger. Twice he lay in prison; often he was a hunted fugitive who dared walk abroad only at night and then only in disguise; most of his mature manhood he spent in exile. What was it that sustained him? There is no answer save his unflinching faith in his ideals, for of ambition there was not a trace in his composition. Always in penury and debt, he gave prodigally of what he had to his fellow exiles and the cause. Working far into every night to gain a living by his pen, while he guided the republican movement, he none the less found time to gather round him the waiters and organ-grinders of the impoverished Italian colony in London, and to give their children the rudiments of an education in his night school. At once artist and preacher, this man was above all else a moral genius.

That, however, was only part of Mazzini's attraction. Always a halo of romance clung about him, and the millions marvelled at his audacity. As he challenged by turns and all together the Pope of Rome, the Emperor of the French and the King of Piedmont, the masses saw in him their champion. If he won none of these duels, at least he survived as a voice that none of these powers could silence. The masses were his bodyguard and thanks to them this wandering guerrilla evaded capture, while the people sang:

> Where is Mazzini? Ask the pines
> Upon the Alps and Apennines.

The saint who is also a conspirator, strange as the combination seems to us, is a recurrent figure in the Italian tradition. In our day, Silone has incarnated him afresh; even the Carbonari joined the cult of virtue with their underground activities. There was something of the same spirit in the contemporary resistance movement of Northern Italy under Signor Parri's leadership. Virtue, when an Italian preaches it, is not the cold and negative discipline of our northern climate; it spurs to adventure and welcomes imagination as its comrade. Morality, as Mazzini conceived her, was a winged and daring figure: one may compare her to the bravura which Garibaldi encouraged in the field. His men went into battle challenging and conspicuous in their red shirts; they charged in close formation and for choice his officers rode white horses. So it was with Mazzini's ethics. Austere and unbending though they were, they challenged authority with a rebel's gesture, and their stern imperatives were coloured by the glow of his exalted dreams.

What then, did this prophet preach? Two things stand out from all the rest: first, his opposition to individualism, which led him to grasp the social whole as something prior to the personal unit; and then his conception of nationality, based on the "mission" assigned to each people in the human family. He was not an analytic thinker, and all that he wrote sprang from a deep well of emotion. None the less, all his ideas form a connected whole which never varied throughout the fifty years of his adult life. He paid an equal respect to the intuition of the individual conscience and the broad stream of human tradition, and believed that we reach truth when the two are in agreement. He based his whole structure on three fundamental concepts—God, immortality and property—yes, even property, defined as the fruit of a man's labour. God, as the "father" and "educator," was for him a necessary assumption for the unity of mankind; there are passages in which he speaks of the direct guidance of God in the shaping of history. He always acted and would have others act, *sub specie aeternitatis*. He had faith in a continuous and progressive revelation, but he rejected Christianity because he saw in it an individualistic and other-worldly creed, concerned exclusively with personal salvation. His aim, though he insisted on immortality, was social salvation in this present life.

Mazzini's politics were the logical extension of his views on religion and ethics. They start from his reaction against the individualism and materialism of the French Revolution. While he accepted the rights of man, he was never content to base on them alone his life-long struggle for liberty—not even against the oppressions of Austrian rule. Against them he stressed the duties of man as a social being. The liberty he demanded was the liberty to perform one's social duties—liberty, of course, of thought and speech, but above all else the liberty of association. "Right, that is to say, the individual asserting himself" was the life of the French Revolution. "Duty, that is to say, the individual submitting himself to the idea of a collective aim to be attained, never was its directing thought." Indeed, he went on to argue, the doctrine of individual rights actually led to a dread of government, at best a necessary evil, Its functions were reduced to those of "a police constable, who has no mission but to prevent . . . Here is properly speaking no society."

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The core of this man's teaching lay, not here, but in his conception of nationality. If the noblest pages of his eloquence are a superb hymn to the glories of Italy's heritage, written in a prose so perfect that it can survive translation, it was always to the great family of all the nations, to Humanity itself, that he gave his first loyalty. Round "the twin altars of Fatherland and Humanity" he would gather the nations, and he went some way in sketching the organisation that was to create the United States of Europe. Rejecting altogether the Marxist conception of history, he insisted that it is ideas that shape our material environment. Never in the long struggle for Italian unity did he so much as glance at its economic significance. For him the basis of nationality, and indeed of every human society, was necessarily an idea. Territory was not its foundation. Race he dismissed altogether as no necessary element of nationality; even in language, important as it was, he saw only an indication but not an indispensable condition.

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With this magnificent mythology, Mazzini awakened the imagination and fired the ambitions of an impotent and suffering people. Seldom in history has one man performed a miracle to compare with it. Himself an exile, it was a divided nation he addressed, broken by long servitude and many defeats. What was it that made him great? The splendour of his poetic dreams? The steadiness of his unbending will? Chiefly it was the daring of his unwavering faith. "God alone," he wrote in 1834, "sounds the hours of the world. When the times are ripe, He inspires the people that has suffered most and believed most, with the courage and determination to conquer or die for all the rest." At that bugle-call young Italy rose.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

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One of these travel pieces, in diary form, and called *England Not My England* (1927–29), will be of singular interest to students of Mr. Connolly's mind. This is plainly an early version of *The Unquiet Grave* (which, it can now be revealed, was by Mr. Connolly), and seems to prove that the centripetal forces in the author—I deny that they are autotoxic—are not to be harnessed; as if some southern lagoon, apparently tranquil, concealed an insatiable whirlpool.

Mr. Connolly has been endowed with two splendid gifts. I am convinced, first, that no one else of his generation, in this country, possesses quite so well sharpened, so penetrative an apparatus for literary, and sometimes social, criticism. But I am also convinced that this apparatus is so exquisitely responsive that it is awkward to handle, and sometimes punctures, or at least tweaks, its owner. That *The Unquiet Grave* was, indeed, beautifully written; that it provided moments entirely delicious in their enjoyment of the beauties of nature (and an intermittent but irrepressible lyricism is, as I see it, the second of Mr. Connolly's principal endowments); that many of its lines were truly courageous and not guardedly so—with all this I am the first to agree. I nevertheless felt that the book, taken all in all, read like the speech of a man who cannot decide whether he is upon the bench, or in the dock, or on the rack, and who scarcely cares, since he secretly considers suicide. Moreover, the date of *England Not My England* suggests that the predicament may be permanent. Despite this, I do not believe that it is permanent; and other pages in *The Condemned Playground* provide me with reasons. So does the memory of *The Rockpool*, Mr. Connolly's novel, published some years ago, in Paris. This is one of the smaller but not least valuable ornaments of Anglo-Mediterranean fiction, and might well be reprinted in England.

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The Condemned Playground contains descriptions of Barcelona and Athens as vivid, in parts, as *The Ant-Lion*. Among the purely literary evaluations, there is a masterly criticism of Joyce, and excellent interpretations of Chesterfield, Rimbaud, E. M. Forster and Sterne. This last was Mr. Connolly's first published appearance, in 1927, when he was twenty-three; it will be seen that his level has been consistently, and therefore unusually, high. Mr. Connolly himself admits that he does not "come out very well" in a controversy on A. E. Housman, which is here set out with the letters of his opponents, and he makes a cursory, but strangely superficial, attack upon Proust. Further, I am not sure that he has plumbed Thomas Mann. Is it even half-true to say of Mann that he is "a writer who may lack the emotions which sweep over us to-day"? Mr. Connolly has also somewhat arbitrarily rearranged, and then quoted, what happens to be my favourite modern prose seascape, from Mann's *Tonio Kröger*. In so doing, he has omitted the "white velvet" sentence, which is not only an epitome (in a phrase) of impressionist painting, but the most pictorially valuable sentence of all. I would not be so fastidious were it not that Mr. Connolly is ordinarily so impeccable.

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JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

For this generation, Mazzini has sunk into oblivion, and now it is an Indian scholar who has brought him to life again in a rich volume of selections.* Why was it that Europeans forgot him? Was it that Marx, whom he combated, posed questions for which the Italian idealist had no adequate answer? Is it that we ask for a guide to life more scientific than the preachers can give us? The nineteenth century needed its preachers, its Carlyle, its Mazzini, its Tolstoy, because its besetting sin was complacency. Of these only Tolstoy is still alive for us, but it is his novels rather than his sermons that hold us spellbound. Among the three, Mazzini was the most positive and the most urbane. He does not repel us, as Carlyle does, by his angularities and his worship of force: he does not demand of us, as Tolstoy does, the sacrifice of all that we value in civilisation: austere though his revolutionary ethics are, they require no break with classical tradition, for they rank beauty with virtue and duty among the ends that a good man pursues.

The real reason why Mazzini has been forgotten is that his fame was linked with the fortunes of Italy. He was the prophet of the Italian *risorgimento*, and in its long-term results that movement disappointed us. For an older generation it was still a stimulating legend. It could prompt Meredith to one of the happiest of his romances. It sings in Swinburne's verses. It could still inspire Trevelyan to undertake his monumental life of Garibaldi. But the contemporary reader turns away from Mazzini's pages with a divided mind. Their eloquence still moves us. The nobility of their ethics, which renounce the pursuit of happiness and summon us only to duty and devotion, lifts us for a moment above our humdrum selves. Was there ever in history a clarion-call to action so exalted and so musical? This picture of an Italian Republic deriving from God and the People, with a purified religion and a new social morality—has any prophet in the hour of struggle put a loftier aim before his country's youth? In a sense the thing was done: Italy was liberated and united. But it happened in spite of Mazzini, by means that he deemed fatal, with the aid of foreign arms and under the House of Savoy. Where in the rather squalid constitutional monarchy was there any trace of the exalted morality he had preached over its cradle? It survived, until Mussolini's march on Rome, by a huckstering opportunism at home, while it stood for *sacro egoismo* abroad. Nationality, moreover, as we watched it at work, was never the principle of co-operative unity he had conceived it to be: always it cursed our continent with strife.

To-day, while the Italian tradition struggles once again to realise itself, it should be easier to form an estimate of what Mazzini meant. The kingdom was not the final verdict on his work. The man, at least, stands out for us from his writings and the record of his influence as one of the noblest and most original figures his century produced. He had the gift, wherever he went, of inspiring love, sympathy and trust. Young men went proudly to prison and the scaffold, because his writings and example had steeled them to a conception of sacrificial duty. All the records dwell on his physical attraction and the simple dignity of his carriage. Among his many devoted friends in London were men and women who summed up all that was best and most sensitive in the Liberal England of his day. Even more impressive is the evidence of the love he could inspire in the workers of his native Genoa. They stood guard over him, while he lay in hiding under sentence of death, posted their armed pickets round his garret and not one among them was ever tempted to betray him. It is easy to believe that his good looks, his magnetism and his eloquence won good will at a first encounter. But this man was tested through fifty years of conspiracy and agitation. Always his conspiracies failed: always he was in relentless opposition to the tactics that seemed to succeed: never was he in a position to reward a follower, and yet he retained to the end the unflinching loyalty of the few and the steady respect of the many. A poor political tactician he may have been, for he could not dissemble and he would not bend. It is equally doubtful whether Garibaldi really was in the technical sense a gifted soldier, but the two had this in common, that each was a superb leader of men. Mazzini proved this in 1849 as triumvir of the Roman Republic, as Garibaldi proved it when he led the Thousand in Sicily.

The chances that came to Mazzini to prove his stature in action were few. His claim to our respect and, indeed, to our reverence, rests on his conduct throughout a long life of apparent failure, dogged all the time by poverty and often by danger. Twice he lay in prison; often he was a hunted fugitive who dared walk abroad only at night and then only in disguise; most of his mature manhood he spent in exile. What was it that sustained him? There is no answer save his unflinching faith in his ideals, for of ambition there was not a trace in his composition. Always in penury and debt, he gave prodigally of what he had to his fellow exiles and the cause. Working far into every night to gain a living by his pen, while he guided the republican movement, he none the less found time to gather round him the waiters and organ-grinders of the impoverished Italian colony in London, and to give their children the rudiments of an education in his night school. At once artist and preacher, this man was above all else a moral genius.

That, however, was only part of Mazzini's attraction. Always a halo of romance clung about him, and the millions marvelled at his audacity. As he challenged by turns and all together the Pope of Rome, the Emperor of the French and the King of Piedmont, the masses saw in him their champion. If he won none of these duels, at least he survived as a voice that none of these powers could silence. The masses were his bodyguard and thanks to them this wandering guerrilla evaded capture, while the people sang:

> Where is Mazzini? Ask the pines
> Upon the Alps and Apennines.

The saint who is also a conspirator, strange as the combination seems to us, is a recurrent figure in the Italian tradition. In our day, Silone has incarnated him afresh; even the Carbonari joined the cult of virtue with their underground activities. There was something of the same spirit in the contemporary resistance movement of Northern Italy under Signor Parri's leadership. Virtue, when an Italian preaches it, is not the cold and negative discipline of our northern climate; it spurs to adventure and welcomes imagination as its comrade. Morality, as Mazzini conceived her, was a winged and daring figure: one may compare her to the bravura which Garibaldi encouraged in the field. His men went into battle challenging and conspicuous in their red shirts; they charged in close formation and for choice his officers rode white horses. So it was with Mazzini's ethics. Austere and unbending though they were, they challenged authority with a rebel's gesture, and their stern imperatives were coloured by the glow of his exalted dreams.

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of boredom and impatience and something is done with for ever. When that happens, the artist must be on the crest of the wave, not underneath it, for art occupies in society the equivalent of one of those glands the size of a pea on which the proper functioning of the body depends, and whose removal is as easy as it is fatal.

There is a famous page of Arnold's, in which he introduces, and attacks, the Philistine. It contains this sentence :—

> . . . . the born lover of ideas, the born hater of commonplaces, must feel in this country that the sky over his head is made of brass and iron.

These words always put me in mind of Mr. Connolly. And how unbelievably better organised, how infinitely more dangerous has the Philistine become since Arnold's day! One of Mr. Connolly's names for him is the sheep with a bite. To me, he seems more like the sheep who has begun to employ the wolves. At all events, it is a vast comfort to watch Mr. Connolly sustaining the attack with such skilful passion. He has a dual, and, I think, indestructible passion—for intellectual values, and for the beauty of the word and the world. I said earlier that, although I did not anticipate the deed itself, the voice of Palinurus struck me as suicidal. There is, I now reflect, another side to the matter. Authors who write too much, too often, are apt to accuse Mr. Connolly of writing too little, too well. If I were to suggest the possibility that Mr. Connolly may become a writer of the first importance, they might tell me that this would be astonishing. I, in turn, might reply that there are less auspicious places in which to await astonishments than the vicinity of an unquiet grave.

BRIAN HOWARD

MEDICINE THROUGH THE AGES

History of Medicine. By DOUGLAS GUTHRIE. *Nelson.* 30*s.*

The first thing that strikes one about this book is its handsome " pre-war " appearance, on which the publishers, printers and bookbinders are to be congratulated. The next thing is the number of full-page illustrations, ranging from representations of the diseased vertebræ of an ancient Nubian of pre-dynastic times to a picture of Dr. Joseph Bell of Edinburgh in his victoria drawn by a pair of fine horses ; the last picture in the book being one of Osler in his shirt-sleeves at his writing table, working at his celebrated textbook.

This is a history of medical men and medical practice at each period of human history, whether recorded on stone or in books or even on the bones of our primitive ancestors. Dr. Guthrie does not set out to compete with such books as R. C. Moon's " Hippocrates and His Successors in Relation to the Philosophy of their time," and Arthur Brook's " Greek Medicine." In its four hundred and fifty pages an attempt is made to summarise the main characteristics of medical practice from prehistoric times to those of Sir William Osler ; and within these limits of space Dr. Guthrie has made a good job of it. The book will interest, inform and entertain any educated reader, medical or lay ; and for those who wish to study the subject or any part of it more fully, help is given in the form of footnotes on nearly every page and a classified bibliography of medical history as an appendix.

It is upwards of twenty-five centuries ago that medicine emerged from what we may call the Garden of Eden stage. We speak a little pompously of medicine as the " Aesculapian art," but the real founder of medicine as we understand it to-day was the Greek Hippocrates. He was one of the products of that great age, comparable in many ways with our Elizabethan age—namely, the age of Pericles. As the Elizabethan, so the age of Pericles was a period of great prosperity and of war. The age of Pericles was that of Socrates, of Sophocles, of Euripides, of Pheidias and of Hippocrates. Hippocrates was, as Dr. Guthrie says, " the first to separate Medicine from Philosophy, setting a high standard for all who wished to follow what he called The Art. . . . He knew little of anatomy or physiology, and he possessed neither clinical thermometer nor stethoscope. It is true that he employed auscultation, placing the ear to the chest of the patient and describing, for example, the friction sound of pleurisy, which he aptly likened to the creaking of leather. But, although he had no scientific apparatus, he had scientific method, and his writings are full of sound observation and logical reasoning. He had no patience with the idea that disease was a punishment sent by the Gods."

The book ends with Sir William Osler's reflections upon our medical heritage : " We may indeed be justly proud of our apostolic succession. Schools and systems have flourished and gone . . . the philosophies of one age have become the absurdities of the next, and the foolishness of yesterday has become the wisdom of to-morrow ; through long ages which were slowly learning what we are hurrying to forget, amid all the changes and chances of twenty-five centuries, the profession has never lacked men who have lived up to the Greek ideals."

May we hope that, before long, more paper will be available for books. Then may be an opportunity for the addition to this excellent book of a chapter summarising the marvellous advances that have occurred in therapeutics and in surgical technique in the last quarter-century.

HARRY ROBERTS

TRANSATLANTIC FUN

Crazy Like a Fox. By S. J. PERELMANN. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Humour, like poetry, defies analysis ; one man's fun turns out to be another man's chagrin. We recall Nat Gubbins's German Shelter Conversation where the harassed Germans, anxious with heavy Teutonic earnestness to cultivate the British Secret Weapon, a sense of humour, say to one another : " Ve vill now der liddel games blay and der fonny jokes make, Heil Hitler." Which doesn't get anyone anywhere. For humour is native and unexportable beyond a certain point ; transplanted from its native soil, it is bound to lose something of its essence. But we can always recognise it—and having recognised it, often appreciate it—by its native flavour : the English species, dry, quiet, gently absurd ; the French, never far from wit and appealing to the head rather than the heart or the belly ; the American, at its best, crazy, loud, over-lifesize.

> The violet hush of twilight was descending over Los Angeles as my hostess, Violet Hush, and I left the suburbs and headed towards Hollywood. In the distance a glow of huge piles of burning motion picture scripts lit up the sky. The crisp tang of frying writers and directors whetted my appetite. How good it was to be alive, I thought, inhaling deep lungfuls of carbon monoxide. . . . An enormous funeral pyre composed of thousands of feet of film and scripts, drenched with Chanel Number Five, awaited the torch of Jack Holt, who was to act as master of ceremonies. In a few terse words Violet explained this unusual custom borrowed from the Hindus and never paid for.

Reminiscent of the Marx Brothers, whom you either loathe or worship (I've never heard an indifferent opinion), this is typical of transatlantic humour and of Mr. Perelmann who, incidentally, has been one of the script writers of the Marx Brothers' films. If you are a Marx Brothers' addict you'll become a Perelmann addict, too. His is the same extravagantly crazy, at times almost macabre and surrealist approach ; a fiendish sort of naivety, a " dead pan " comic

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seriousness, a devastating sense of slapstick.

Two friends of mine named Johnny had a little place on Fifty-second Street where they kept coal and wood and ice. I was down there one evening bent on some coal and wood when Tony pointed to the ceiling and said: "*Corpo di Bacco*, what's *that?*" I looked up and there was a whole clump of mushrooms growing right down at me. Well, I let out a scream fit to wake a dead man—as a matter of fact it *did* wake up a dead man who'd been in the corner for three days, and he came over to bite me.

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W. P. RILLA

A USEFUL COMPENDIUM

The Stream of Music. By RICHARD ANTHONY LEONARD. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

The Stream of Music is a book which makes no pretence at originality of any kind, but will, nevertheless, be found both useful and enjoyable by a large number of readers. Mr. Leonard is an American writer, and his style contains a fair proportion of those phrases and usages which lend—unjustly perhaps—to vex the English ear: "inspirational urge," for example; "due to" where we should say "owing to"; "climax" and "approximate" as transitive verbs; and continual reference to the last two wars as "World War I" and "World War II." (This last is admittedly a nice problem of nomenclature; a satisfactory solution to it would earn the gratitude of every writer.) But Mr. Leonard's book has also considerable merits, which I will try to indicate.

The general plan consists of a chapter apiece to seventeen of the world's greatest composers. Each chapter is a cunningly composed mixture of historical background, biography, character sketch and critical comment. The author is well informed and has a good sense of proportion; consequently, the music-lover who consults any one of his chapters cannot fail to learn the salient facts about the composer and his surroundings, what are his principal works, how they are generally assessed, and why. I cannot offhand think of another single volume which presents all this information so readably and, on the whole, so accurately as *The Stream of Music*. It will be invaluable, for example, to the man who is running a series of gramophone concerts, and wants to acquire enough "background" to say something useful and sensible about each item on the programme.

The choice of the seventeen composers was bound to arouse criticism. It was perhaps inevitable that we should begin with Bach—though it is always a pity to lend fresh support to the popular notion that anything earlier is merely archaic. It was, however, far from inevitable, it was even eccentric, to omit Handel: a gap which cannot be excused by the author's plea that "his music is almost lost to-day in comparison with Bach's." There are one or two other anomalies. Berlioz and Verdi get a mere "note" of about four pages each, whereas both Mussorgsky and Stravinsky qualify with the remaining fifteen for a full-length chapter. On the score of popularity alone (which Mr. Leonard rightly makes one of his criteria for inclusion) such treatment of Verdi and Handel is surely unwarranted.

The critical judgments generally follow the accepted canons of our day, which is far more useful to the reader than a lot of freakish individual fancies. Mr. Leonard does, however, appear to cherish one curious notion: that certain standard favourites (e.g., some of Beethoven's symphonies and concertos) are actually "beginning to show signs of wear and tear." If I read him aright, he intends these occasional remarks, not merely as a way of saying that certain pieces of music are played too often for their good (with which one would heartily agree), but as some sort of critical slur on the value of the music itself. "The slow movement," he says of the *Emperor Concerto*, "retains its vitality, but much of the brilliance *has gone out of* the other two movements" (my italics). There is surely a confusion of thought here. If I go to *Hamlet* every night for a month, much of the fascination will doubtless "go out of it"—*for me*. But that is not a relevant factor in the critical appraisal of the play.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

PURCELL: *Dido and Aeneas.* I. Baillie, J. Hammond, J. Fullerton, E. Coates, E. Hobson, G. Ripley, D. Noble, S. Patriss, T. Jones. Philharmonic String Orch., cond. Constant Lambert (H.M.V. C3471–7).

BERLIOZ: *Les Troyens: Royal Hunt and Storm.* L.P.O., cond. Beecham (H.M.V. DB6241).

BORODIN: *Prince Igor: Overture*, and

BERLIOZ: *Les Troyens: Trojan March.* L.P.O., cond. Beecham (H.M.V. DB6237–8).

RAVEL: *Daphnis and Chloe Suite, No. 2.* Boston Symphony Orch., cond. Koussevitzky (H.M.V. DB6239–40).

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor.* Moiseiwitsch with Philharmonic Orch., cond. Weldon (H.M.V. C3466–70).

KHACHATURYAN: *Piano Concerto.* Moura Lympany with L.S.O. cond. Fistoulari (Decca K1145–8).

MENDELSSOHN: *A Midsummer Night's Dream: Overture and Wedding March.* B.B.C. Symphony Orch., cond. Boult (H.M.V. DB6242–3).

MENDELSSOHN: *Overture: Ruy Blas.* City of Birmingham Orch., cond. Weldon. (Col. DX1223).

BARTOK: *Roumanian Folk Dances* (arr. Willner). Philharmonic String Orch., cond. Lambert (Col. DX1221).

SIBELIUS: *King Christian Suite: Elégie and Musette.* City of Birmingham Orch., cond. Weldon. (Col. DX1220).

LISZT: *La Campanella*, and

ALBENIZ: *Triana.* Cyril Smith (Col. DX1214).

DUNHILL: "The Cloths of Heaven," and

BANTOCK: "Song of the Seals." John McCormack (H.M.V. DA1851).

PUCCINI: *Turandot:* "Nessun dorma," and

TOSTI: *La Mattinata.* Jussy Björling, with orch. (H.M.V. DA1841).

SIBELIUS: *The Tryst* and *Black Roses.* Joan Hammond, acc. Gerald Moore (H.M.V. B9445).

Dido and Aeneas was written to be performed by a girls' school. In so composing, Purcell knew exactly what he was doing and the result is what he intended: a small-scale chamber opera for a special occasion, adapted to the superior accomplishments of amateur performers of the day. Since Purcell was a man of genius, *Dido* is crammed with surprising felicities, which show what he might have done, on a full scale, if given an opportunity; but, with the exception of Dido's final aria, there is nothing in the opera which will support the title of "great." To force this charming little work on to the level of the European masterpieces of a later date, is to mistake its nature and its aim. Being intended for amateurs, the music demands a bold freshness of interpretation which professional opera singers naturally find difficult to regain. For this reason in particular the new recording cannot be called very successful. With the exception of Miss Edith Coates, who gives a most spirited performance as the Sorceress, none of the

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singers makes any attempt at characterisation. Miss Joan Hammond is gifted enough in her way, but she approaches Purcell in the light-hearted, effect-seeking manner suitable to a nineteenth-century dramatic cantata: "When I am laid in earth" is painfully crude and inexpressive. Miss Isobel Baillie sings with her usual pure and dignified tone (if only the gramophone could be made to manage this singer's high notes with less jar!) but rather colourlessly; and Mr. Dennis Noble makes nothing of the small but fine part of Aeneas. Some of the lesser roles are sung in admirable style; the Echo chorus is a complete success; and the string playing throughout is careful and crisp. The balance, however, is less happy; and the singer's level is apt to change abruptly after the onset of an aria.

We have had to wait a long time for an up-to-date recording of Berlioz's *Royal Hunt*. Berlioz was one of the most hit-or-miss composers who ever lived, but in this piece he is at the top of his form, and Sir Thomas Beecham does full justice to the romantic beauty and drama of the tone-imagery. The recording, both here and in the *Prince Igor* Overture, is very incisive and stereoscopic, quite without damping "studio" effect; and the brass, so important in both works, is deep, resonant, and without blatancy.

It can be said, I think without reserve, that the new recording of *Daphnis and Chloe Suite, No. 2* (are we never to be given *Suite No. 1*, with its beautiful Nocturne?) is a great improvement, both on Koussevitzky's old set and the more recent one by Ormandy. Being American, both lack sufficient bass (the important pizzicati in the Pantomime are practically inaudible); but Ormandy's version sounds unpleasantly "squeezed," by comparison with Koussevitzky's. The string playing in the new set is incomparably finer, the detail clearer, the instruments more sharply individualised; and the whole wonderful score is lit as if by magic.

I think it is not unfair to describe this, the *n*th issue of the Tchaikovsky *First Piano Concerto*, as profoundly uninteresting. The orchestral part sounds dull (the strings might be a mere handful) and the virtuosity, which is the chief quality one now expects from Moiseiwitsch, is here to seek. The octave passages in the first movement are very limp and too slow, those in the left hand practically non-existent; and the delivery of the Andantino theme, which Rubinstein and Petri make into a chime of clear bells, is thin and poor. While those two sets are still available—and both possess individual advantages—there can be no object in acquiring either this one or the much more unpleasant recording by Horowitz.

Both the performance and the recording of Khachaturyan's *Piano Concerto* are exceptionally fine. It is a far more meretricious work than Tchaikovsky's, but seems to be on the way to enjoy a similar popularity. Touches of cheap orientalism and Gershwin, stiffened, in haphazard fashion, by Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Poulenc and Prokofieff, form a recipe too spicy for my taste; but the cleverness is undeniable. The opening of the slow movement has some originality; but the composer does not know what to do with his theme and ruins the movement with a conventional outburst. The Finale is the kind of glib nonsense with which it has become fashionable to polish off symphonic works. But—let me repeat—except for the music itself, this issue is an extremely good one.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* music fares uncommonly well. The Weberian spell of the overture works once again. The first *forte* bursts upon the ear without any sense of acoustic discomfort, and the balance of this delicate score remains good. *Ruy Blas* I still prefer in the old Beecham recording. It is not that I have any fault to find with George Weldon's interpretation; but the recording is harsh and shallow, the brass too heavy for the strings.

It sounds to me (I have not seen the original) as if the arranger had tampered considerably with this set of Bartok's *Roumanian Folk Dance*. The harmony seems a good deal too smooth and anodyne for Bartok; it takes away the earthiness and astringency we are accustomed to associate with this kind of music—and if you take that away, what's left? In the performance, again, the violin tone is not weighty enough and the solo is feebly executed.

The late Leslie Howard's recording of the *Elégie* from the *King Christian Suite* (on the fourth side of his issue of *Rakastava*) remains the best. The new disc has a certain amount of "swing," and the string tone is hollow and coarse, with insufficient top.

It seems a pity for so intelligent a pianist as Cyril Smith to waste his time over so maddening a piece of empty pianistic fuss as *La Campanella*. *Triana*, though it does not amount to much more, at least has a good tune. Like all Spanish composers of piano music, Albeniz includes a great many unnecessary notes on almost every page, and it is better to omit some of these in the interests of a clearer outline. Mr. Smith's rather limp rhythm suggests that the pains he has been at to play every note have destroyed the dash and fluency essential to the execution of this bravura piece.

It is fairly evident that the McCormack disc was made several years ago. I have seldom heard him in better voice, his diction clearer, his tone more meltingly lovely. What a pity, then, that the songs should be so completely null. And was it really a good idea to include a *spoken* introduction to "The Song to the Seals?" It is quite clear enough, from the words, what this song is about; after one or two hearings the introduction would surely become most irritating. "The Cloths of Heaven" reminds me of what the bread-and-butter fly lived on: weak tea with cream in it. By comparison, even Tosti, that master of the obvious, seems inspired, especially when he is sung as gracefully as this. "Nessun dorma" is a really fine performance of the kind of brief aria in which Puccini excelled. His eloquence was short-winded, but extraordinarily well-judged. The climax of this example is noisy and the orchestra does not come over very well in recording; but the voice level is admirably maintained.

Miss Hammond does what is necessary for the two Sibelius songs, but the result is banal and meagre. Both are, in a disparaging sense, ballads, written in the slick, Tchaikovskian *salon* style to which this puzzling man of genius resorts in literally dozens of his minor compositions.

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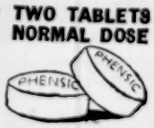

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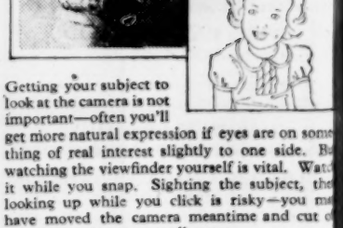

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Six guineas are offered for the best verses in the style of Thomas Hardy upon the choice of a Christmas present. Not more than twenty lines.

Report by Roger Marvell

I wish there were three pages available for printing entries for this competition, for admirable verses have come from Lizzie Dripp, Pibwob, Willy Tadpole, Maxton Gate, P. Baggallay, G. J. Blundell, Damon, E. A. Robertson, J. R. Till, Veritas, R. B. Pratt, D. H., Philip Smith, Clive Samson, Robert Upcott, and William Bliss. F. C. C. sent an irregular triolet, delightful but not very Hardy. I recommend a first prize of two guineas for R. J. P. Hewison, a guinea to Leslie Johnson, Ronald Mason, and G. de V., half a guinea each to E. W. Fordham and Constance Sewell. Paper-rationing alas prevents me printing her entry which ends:

He goes through the waltzing flakes to give her
All that she really needs:
His body floating down the river
And a right to widow's weeds.

The Doubtful Heart

What shall I give? I ponder: It naught answers
Here in the time-fret church where human voices
Hush, and the heart is wanned: the lasses and dancers
The lovers and dames of old
In their bones lie cold.

Whilom 'twill be red-berry-flecked for the festive season
To giving sanct. Therence the need for hard choice is:
But the mind, bedevilled almost to unreason,
As a hawk in the wind aslant
Hangs hesitant.

I think, yes, of yonder days, when a world of pleasure
Shaped before childish eyne that envisaged a shilling;
When a copper mere was a cornucopian treasure
From the upshut box outturned
By knife disinurned.

Now I have silver to spare, there's nothing to purchase
For gift-bound folk round rubbish or emptiness milling.
What can I give? I demand after bootless researches
As mazy, complex, as the Lancers':
But It "Naught" answers.

R. J. P. HEWISON

The Present

In Casterbridge Town the soldier seeks
A Christmas fairing for Nan or Joyce,
And thus do the Fates, albeit unheard
Their bodeful word,
Assist at his doubting choice.

"You have lauded her lips, her eyes, her cheeks,
You have sworn to love aye no matter which.
Let her count the hours that your oath holds true,
With bitter rue,
On that dial so gaudily rich.

"She is lovely now, in her youth's first bloom,
But whether you fancy Joyce or Nan,
This dainty mirror will surely show,
As the rathe years go,
How long she will keep her man."

So far the Fates, as they plied their loom;
But he swaggered away in his scarlet coat,
With a kerchief gay for one of his dears,
To stop her tears,
Or the breath, mayhap, in her throat.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Christmas Gift

"What is the gift appropriate
To a little child
Who bears on his brow all mankind's fate?
Gold, myrrh or spice for the undefiled
Little child?"

"I'll give you answer: go your ways,
Sages three.
To think that your frankincense repays
My heaviness, sports with my fate and me,
Sages three.

"Random homuncule preordinate,
Though a little child—
A tear for my pre-recorded fate
Is the properest gift for this dream-beguil'd
Little child.

"Crownings, embalmings enough I'll get,
Sages three,
And the bitterest lot awaits me yet—
What Fate ordained them they'll blame on me,
Sages three."

RONALD MASON

How He Came to Choose

Musing in the rainy street on what should be my Christmas choice,
Trinket, book, or flower as gift
For my love, from out the wind's bass-viol moaning came a voice.

"If," it breathed, "you choose some jewel, what if there should be some rift
One year, twenty years from now?
Will she as a pinching housewife chide you for your old unthrift?

"Or, these secret trysts being over, portly, affluent, you are wed,
Highly held in parish life,
How the glittering bauble on the matron mocks your pleasures dead!

"Or, more irony, your jewel sparkles on her, but another's wife—
Or, beneath the loam she lies,
Yet the thing some laughing girl wears—still more twisting of the knife.

"If a book, your message may be scanned by some new lover's eyes
As leazings of an old affair,
Then tossed away in half amused or tolerant surmise——"

Red roses, bitter spectre, then: for me they'll deck her breast, her hair.
Back, and wane into the brume!
She may fling them from her casement when they fade, though now so fair.
Better that a gift should have no broken loyalties to bear.

G. DE V.

My Gift

Foot-faint I thrust through a questing crowd
In the gift-full store.
What should I choose for that lady proud,
So loved of yore?
A Medici, framed? Venice, the Bridge of Sighs?
No. On that bridge, hand-clasping, I saw in her eyes
Long years ago
Her steel-hard answer—No.

An old chair wrought with craftsmanly art
In the days of Anne?
A mirror to glass her? And glass her heart?
No, nothing can.
As, weary, I shouldered the gaping throng,
Chance-wise, mid the music, I noted a song—
"Years that are Dead"
'That, for my gift," I said.

E. W. FORDHAM

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Shakespeare (Irving), 14 vols., perfect, 8 gns./offer; Thomas Mann's "Josephroman," £3/offer; Encyclopædia Britannica, 11th ed. (leather); "Street Cries of London," compl. set of 13, and ditto of 6; Brahms First (Weingartner), Columbia, 32s. 6d., Franck Quintet F minor (Cortot), H.M.V., 25s., as new; F.R.C.O. and B.Mus. Oxon Hoods; Cambridge B.A. Hood, M.A. gown, square; Lond. B.Sc. Gown and Hood; Westphal rosewood upright piano, overhauled, 55 gns.; Remington razor, perfect, 5 gns.; Schick, needs attention, 2½ gns.; all-electric radiogram, record player, auto-stop, suit club; Meccano, approx. size 6; General Electric photocell exposure meter, with case, £30; dress suit (tails), 20 gns., morning coat, 7 gns., new condition, chest 37", waist 36", inside leg 31"; No. 9 Meccano, excellent condition, wooden cabinet, many extra parts, can be seen by appointment, £20.

WANTED: K. Boulding's "Economic Analysis"; Lowrey & Cavell, "Intermediate Chemistry"; Duncan & Starling, "Textbook of Physics"; "Ivan the Fool," Tolstoy; "Forever Amber"; "Potash and Perlmutter"; Gold Sov., date between 1899 and 1914, £4 10s. paid, half sov., Victoria/Edward, £2 offered; 3/4 tickets "Messiah," Albert Hall, Jan. 5th, any price (for ex-P.O.W.); Caravan (urgent for ex-serviceman); typewriter; office furniture.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charge under this heading 1s. 6d. first word, 9d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

Personal

WOMAN grad. (M.A.), Psych. and Soc. Science Dip., would prepare case histories abstract/index at home, S.W.15. Box A2720.

ARCHITECT seeks about 500 sq. ft., self-contained working-living space, tolerably flat/table or potentially so. Box A2722.

Personal—continued

WHO will accept as paying guest a bachelor with a nostalgia for the atmosphere of cultured young people, preferably in or near West-End. Box A2675.

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GERMAN—lessons, conversation circle, translations by experienced teacher. Dr. Eisen, 11 Randolph Gdns., N.W.6.

GERMAN and English taught by experienced teacher. Apply Box No. 17, c/o Pool's, Aldwych House, London, W.C.2.

FRENCH taught conversationally by thoroughly experienced Parisian.—Henri Bernot, 7 Gwynn House, Lower Sloane Street, S.W.1. (SLO 3851).

JOHN Barr. Piano lessons in town. Prospectus BCM/Barr, London, W.C.1.

PIANISTS—Violinists. Rapid Fingering. Flexible wrists, octave playing made easy (pianists). Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk. "Finger Magic" (2½d. stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 60 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

FUR slippers (no coupons). Make them yourself. All colours, sizes. Instr. supplied 34s. 6d., 8 upw., 39s. 6d.; children's, 25s., pack. post, 1s. 6d. If unsatisf., money refunded. B. Frankel, 17 Little Trinity Lane, E.C.4.

PUBLISHER of unusual books who has recently (and most successfully) broken into the detective story market would be interested to hear from a few more writers of really good thrillers and detective stories. Write Box A3094.

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Personal—continued

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W. J. ENNEVER, founder of Pelmanism, has perfected new revolutionary methods of Mind and Memory Training. Full benefits 6 personal postal lessons, 30s. Pamphlet free. Ennever Foundation, Vernon House, Sicilian Av., W.C.1.

MONOMARK Service. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential, 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Write Monomark BM/MONO12, W.C.1.

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PHOTO, Cine and Optical Apparatus, also accessories, in good condition, purchased for cash, exchanged, or sold on Commission. The London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., 35 Bucklersbury, E.C.4. City 4591. (Mention N.S.)

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Entertainments

ST. MARTIN'S (Tem. 1443). For times of performances see daily press. Keneth Kent in "The Shop at Sly Corner," Victoria Hopper, Ada Reeve and Cathleen Nesbitt. Also extra mats. of Sonia Dresdel in Somerset Maugham's "The Sacred Flame," recommence December 31st. Booking now.

UNITY Theatre, Goldington St., N.W.1. "God Bless the Guv'nor," by Ted Willis. Every night except Mon. at 7.30. Mems. only.

MERCURY "This Way to the Tomb!" "The Shadow Factory." For dates, times, etc., enquire Box Office (PAR. 5700).

LINDSEY Theatre, Notting Hill (Bay. 2512). Once nightly at 8 p.m. Matinees, Sat. 2.30, Sun. 3 p.m. "Gaslight," by Patrick Hamilton, with Ernestine Shirley and Lionel Westlake. Seats, 6s. 6d., 5s. and 3s. 6d., bookable.

ROCK Theatre Co., Ltd. (incorp. Oxford Pilgrim Players) presenting fine plays, Rudolf Steiner Theatre, close to Baker St. Tube. PAD. 8219. "Tobias and the Angel," by James Bridie, week comm. Dec. 31st.

TORCH (Slo. 4424), Wilton Place, S.W.7. "Children's Christmas Frolics." Daily, 11 and 2.30. "Off the Camden Road"—a new play, nightly, incl. Sunday, at 7.

ARTS (Tem. 7544). Drama Festival. 7 (ex. Mon.). Sat. and Sun., 2.30 and 7. "The School for Scandal." Mems. only. Th. Mems., 5s.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music. No studio recital will be held on January 1st.

ROYAL Albert Hall (Ken. 3661), Jan. 3rd at 7.0 p.m. London Philharmonic Orch. Cond., Basil Cameron. Works by Elgar, Schubert, Tschaikovsky, Delius, Rossini. 10s. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s. Hall and agents.

WIGMORE Hall, Jan. 4th, at 6.45. 7th Boosey & Hawkes Concert. Works by Purcell-Britten. Peter Pears, Benjamin Britten, The Zorian Quartet. Tickets, 8s. 6d., 6s., 3s., 2s. at Hall.

STOLL Theatre, Kingsway. Hol. 3703. Sunday concerts at 3 p.m. To-morrow, 30th, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Basil Cameron, Jean Pougnet, Andrew Cooper. Works by Mozart, Bach, Brahms, Haydn, Schubert. 5s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. (unres., 2s. 6d.).

CENTRAL London Fabians are having a Grand New Year Celebration Dance on Jan. 5th, at 7.30 p.m. at Victory Hall, 15 Leicester Sq. (Entrance Leicester Pl.), W.C.2 Tickets, 4s., at door.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 27 Palace Ct., W.2 (BAY. 2734-5). Dec. 31st, 7.30 p.m.–2 a.m. New Year's Eve Party: dancing, carols, songs, games, raffles. Adm. 2s. 6d. Tickets obtainable in advance.

Exhibitions

THIS Valiant City. Paintings of London Buildings and London people before, during and after "blitz," by Wanda Ostrowska, Josef Bato, Knighton Hammond, S. Dennant Moss, others. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd.

PETER Jones Gallery, Water Colour and Drawings by Enid Grierson, December 10th–January 4th. Daily 9–6. Saturday, 1 p.m. First Floor, Sloane Square, S.W.1.

PICASSO and Matisse. Loan exhibition of 55 recent paintings, under auspices of the Direction Générale des Relations Culturelles and the British Council at Victoria and Albert Museum. Week-days 10–5, Sundays 2–5.

THE Mystic Art of Ancient Tibet. 300 exhibits showing the Art and Culture of Tibet. At Berkeley Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Daily, 10–6. Sat., 10–1. Sun., 2–5.

EARLY English Watercolours. Exhibition now on view at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

FRENCH Engravings. Exhib. of contemporary works by Societé des Jeunes Graveurs of Paris, also Chinese Woodcuts, collected by the Chinese Woodcut Artists' Assoc. of Chungking. Shown by British Council at R.W.S. Gallery, Conduit St. Daily 10–5. Sat. 10–1.

"HAMPSTEAD Artists Past & Present." Exhib. by Hampstead Artists' Council. Dec. 15th–Jan. 26th. Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Admission free. Daily, 11–5.30.

WINDOW display of paintings and lithographs by Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., R.O.I. Ass. of Salon. War Artist. Nora Robbins, 1 Vernon Pl., facing Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1 HOL. 5654.

EXHIBITION of Art Work by pupils of Clayesmore School at Selfridges from Dec. 31st to Jan. 11th. Clemence Dane will open exhib. 2.30 p.m. on Dec. 31st. Approx. 120 exhibits comprising ages 12–18 years.

Lectures and Meetings

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. Dec. 30th, Archibald Robertson, M.A.: "The New World Order: Its Friends and Enemies." For reports of lectures see "The Monthly Record," by post, 4s. p.a. Sec.

LUNCH Time Talks. Informal talks on Adhyatma Yoga at Memorial Hall, Farringdon St., E.C.4, on Thursdays from 1.15 to 1.45 p.m., commencing Jan. 3rd, by members of Shanti Sadan London, The Centre of Adhyatma Yoga in England. Adm. free.

PUBLIC Lecture on Theosophy, U.L.T., 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch. Every Sun., 8 p.m. Dec. 30th, "The Close of a Cycle."

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. Dec. 30th at 6.30 p.m. Ursula Edgcumbe: "The Enjoyment of Limitations."

PROGRESSIVE League Lecture. Mon., 7th, 7 p.m. M. Alphonse Debuissy on "French Intellectuals and Politics," Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Adm., 1s. 6d.

Lectures—continued

16TH Birthday of "Daily Worker" celebrations at Albert Hall, January 6th, 7 p.m. William Rust, Editor; J. B. Priestley, Harry Pollitt, Dean of Canterbury, Arthur Horner, Will Griffiths, M.P., will be present. Mixed choirs, massed bands. Tickets from Dept. B, "Daily Worker" League, 324 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1, at 3s., 2s. and 1s.

Lecture Courses and Specialised Training

12 UNIVERSITY Extension Lectures; "Criminal Law and Administration," by C. J. Collinge, B.A., on Sats. 5.30, begin at Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency, 17 Manchester St., W.1. (Wel. 1194/5) on Jan. 12th. Fee £1.

PENDLEY Residential Centre of Adult Education. Week-end courses. Jan. 4th to 7th. Religious Forum: Different Religious Outlooks explained and discussed. The Histories of the great Religions. Films. Terms, 30s. a week-end, 3 gns. a week. All partics. from Secretary, Pendley Manor, Tring. (Tring 2302.)

ARTHUR Segal's Painting School. New term com. Jan. 10. Morning, evening, week-end classes. Special teacher courses. Segal method proves Everyone Can Learn to Paint. Partics. 1 England's Lane, N.W.3. PRI. 2686.

UNIVERSITY Correspondence College prepares students for London University Matriculation, Special Entrance. Intermediate and Degree exams. Highly qualified tutors. Low fees, instalments. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town—Lecturers in Pure Mathematics. Applics. invited for (a) two permanent lectureships from 1947 on salary scale £450–25–500/50–675 p.a., and (b) one temporary lectureship for 1946 and 1947; sal., £450 p.a. for 1946, and an increment of £25 p.a. for 1947. One of the permanent lectureships may be vacant in 1946, and applics. should state if they would be available to assume duty in 1946. Pref. for permanent posts given to applicants who have specialised in some branch of analysis. Write, quoting A.1215A, to M. of L. and National Service, Appointments Dept., Technical and Scientific Register, Room 572, York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, for applic. form which must be returned completed, in duplicate, with names of 3 referees by January 22nd, 1946.

INST. of Prof. Civil Servants has vacancies for following: Research Assistant. Sal. rising to £500 p.a. Starting point dependent upon age, qualifics. and exp. Duties will include exam. and presentation in adequate form for use of Institution's Senior Officers of information, statistics, etc. Post pensionable. Private Secretary to Gen. Sec. Salary, £250–£350. Good shthd-typing qualifics. essent. Secretarial exp. desirable. Post pensionable. War bonus payable on same scale as in the Civil Service. Subject to satisfactory service during a probationary period occupants of pensionable posts will be placed upon Inst.'s superan. scheme. Appointments conditional in all cases upon requirements of M. of L. being complied with. Applics. should be forwarded to Gen. Sec., 17 Hans Pl., S.W.1.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men and women, British only, for post of Assistant, Music Dept., Entertainment Division. Work involves preparation of material for presentation of musical programmes, incl. Programme Parade. Candidates must have sound prof. music exp. with ability to write good material for scripts. Salary, max., £600 p.a., rising to max. of £800, plus cost of living bonus, £4 4s. p.a., and family allowances. Appointment to unestab. staff; entry to permanent staff subject to later consideration. Applics. with details of age and exp. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. by Jan. 5th.

B.B.C. invites applics. for the post of Language Typist in Swedish Section of European Services Division. Candids. should have fluent Swedish and good English. Typing essent. Work involves some translation from Swedish into English. Applics., with details of age and exp., to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1., by Jan. 5th. Mark envelopes "Swedish."

WOOLWICH Labour Party invites applics. for post of Assistant Secretary and Agent. Commencing salary, according to qualifics. and exp., within Agents' National Scale (at present £260 rising by £10 to £310 with bonus of £65). Appointment will be made in consultation with Head Office. Application form from Miss Mabel Crout, 3 Woolwich New Road, S.E.18. Last day for receiving applics. January 12th.

DEVON C.C. Applics. invited for post of Welfare Officer on staff of County Educ. Cttee. to advise and assist in Welfare Work among residual evacuees, work under Min. of Health Circular 2866, and visiting of boarded-out children. Applics. should have had training and exp. in social welfare work. Present salary is £250 to £300 p.a., according to qualifics. and exp., but scale may be reviewed shortly. Successful candidate will be required to reside in an area of County to be specified by Cttee. Use of a car essent., and travelling expenses allowed in accordance with Devon C.C. scale. Further partics. from Secretary, County Educ. Cttee., Castle St., Exeter, to whom applics. should be sent by January 19th, 1946.

MUSIC mistress required in small public school to teach piano and violin. Applications would be considered from teachers of piano only. Apply Box A3480.

LEICESTER Galleries req. competent shthd. typist of good educ., knowledge of office routine. Write stating salary. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

Appointments—continued

TRAINED Social Worker (Jewish) for children and family case work required by Jewish Association for the Protection of Girls, Women and Children. Written applications stating age, to Secretary, J.A.P.G.W. & C., 127 Middlesex Street, E.1.

BRYNMAWR Educational Settlement. Required immediately Youth Organiser, Girls. Commencing sal. £250. For further details, applic. should be made to Warden, Community House, King St., Brynmawr, Brecs.

MANCHESTER University Settlement: Warden (man or woman) required in February or earlier. The post is at present non-resident. Particulars on application to Secretary, 20 Every Street, Manchester, 4.

NEILLIAN School wants teaching and general staff. Write Secretary, Slyne Lodge, Slyne, Lancaster.

TOWN and country school needs staff interested in new approach to educ.: (a) Boarding School, Yarkhill Court (1) Teacher organising School activities, Engl. subjects pref., Crafts, poss. Music; (2) Housekeeper, (b) Day School, 38 Eton Avenue, London, N.W.3 (1) Kindergarten teacher, (2) Housekeeper (couple). Apply Mrs. E. Paul, Yarkhill Court, nr. Hereford. Tel.: Tarrington 233.

DESIRED. Young medical student willing co-operate youth in forming Community for Amentia and Juvenile Delinquency. Must be progressive, International in outlook, plus faith in man. Box A2716.

COMPETENT Shorthand-typist reqd. for Educ. Dept. of well known publishers. Good speeds necessary and knowledge of publishing useful. Full partics. to Box N.S., c/o Bartlett's, 31 Museum Street, W.C.1.

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WOMAN doctor requires intelligent girl to live in and undertake household duties—boy 11, girl 2½. South Manchester district. Sal. according to exp. Box A3322.

WOMAN/girl wanted to help housework and children, by young cple. engaged in market-gardening, Scottish Highlands. Foreigner welcd. Epstein, Braemore, Garve, Ross-shire.

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DOMESTICATED mother's help wanted. All duties. Int. in children. Friendly home. Near Village College for evening activities. Baker, Fulwells, Linton, Cambridge.

Appointments Wanted

MAPS, Charts, Lettering. Lady with wide experience in illustrating statistical data, commercial records, etc., desires interesting creative post. Box A2624.

ENGLISHWOMAN. Cultured, travelled, responsible; seeks temporary resid. post. Wide exp., care and tuition children; household and large-scale management. Excellent cook; hostess. Not subject M.O.L. Free now/later; go anywhere. Exchange refs. desired. Box A2648.

OXFORD Graduate, man, 23, linguist, Fr., Sp., Ger. Deep interest and knowledge internat. and home affairs, seeks interesting and moderately lucrative appt. Box A2777.

EX.-W.A.A.F. sgt. secretary shorthand typist, fluent German, legal experience, seeks interesting post at expiration of release leave. Willing to go abroad. Box A2764.

MASTER, Ph. D. Lic. ès Lettres (Nancy Univ.) can offer French, German, Latin to Higher Cert. and scholarship stand. Would consider pte. conversation lessons. Box A2761.

YOUNG woman grad. (B.Sc. Hons. Physiology) seeks interesting constructive post. Knowledge German, typing. Interested political, social applic. of science. Box A2681.

EX-OFFICER wishes appointment. Capable, energetic, organiser, admin. ability. During war, Social, educ., welfare work. Box A2694.

YOUNG lady, London Hons. Deg. Geography, some journ. ability, seeks interesting post, pref. London. Box A2697.

ARCHITEC. Assistant. Continental young man, 4 years' Univ. trng. Engl. and abroad, seeks post as Arch. Asst. Box A2718.

PSYCHOLOGIST, young, expd., des. headship, managem. school, actual or planned or other post with scope. Box A2733.

WOMAN 27, B.A., London (Mod. Langs.), 4½ yrs. high grade secretarial exp., seeks interesting work. No shorthand. Box A2747.

NORWEGIAN lady, perfect German, English, teaching exp., seeks acad. post. Bodil Huseby, Framnesveien 12, Oslo, Norway.

PHOTOGRAPHER (qual., widely exp., young, prog.) wants to do worthwhile creative work. Co-operation publishers, authors, any other suggestion. Box A2782.

Schools and Educational

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. No vacancies until 1947. Apply Head Mistress.

BURGESS Hill School. Day, co-educational from 5—18 years. Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham. 2019.

MALTMAN'S Green, Gerrard's Cross, 9 to 19. Founder, Miss B. Chambers, M.A. Head Mistress, Miss Theo M. Lowe, M.A. Aim: to develop character and intellect, respect individuality and encourage initiative.

Schools—continued

OAKLEA School (recog.), Buckhurst Hill, Essex. Girls, 7–19. P.N.E.U. Oxford Exam. Centre. Prin.: Beatrice Gardner.

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